

The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

FEBRUARY

Lana Turner

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INTIMATE PAGES from LANA TURNER'S DIARY!

SHOCKER! "SHANGHAI GESTURE"

Novelized from Film with
GENE TIERNEY, VICTOR MATURE

To make 1942
your greatest entertainment year!

20th Century-Fox is now producing
these grand, new pictures you'll soon
be seeing in your favorite theatre!

ASK YOUR LOCAL THEATRE MANAGER
WHEN HE'LL SHOW THEM!



TYRONE POWER
in

SON of FURY

The Story of Benjamin Blake
with

GENE TIERNEY

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK



**BETTY GRABLE
VICTOR MATURE
JACK OAKIE**

in

**SONG OF
THE ISLANDS**

in **TECHNICOLOR**



GINGER ROGERS
in

ROXIE HART

with

**ADOLPHE MENJOU
GEORGE MONTGOMERY**

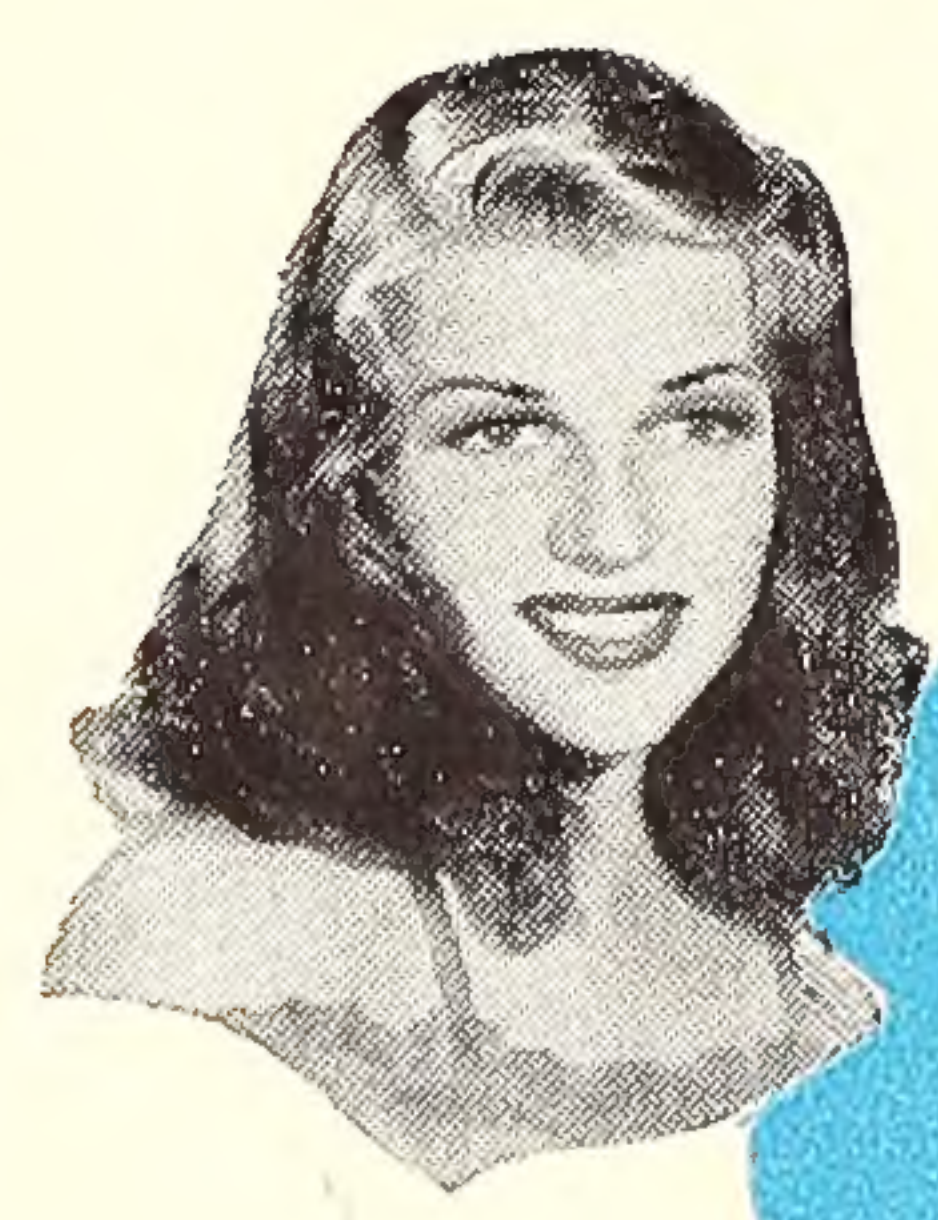


**JEAN GABIN
IDA LUPINO**

in

Moontide

with
CLAUDE RAINS



**Rita
HAYWORTH**
in

MY GAL SAL

in **TECHNICOLOR**



JOHN PAYNE · MAUREEN O'HARA · RANDOLPH SCOTT

in

**TO THE SHORES
OF TRIPOLI**



in **TECHNICOLOR**

NOW! STIRRING THE HEART OF THE NATION!

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

Produced by DARRYL F. ZANUCK · Directed by JOHN FORD



Smile, *Plain Girl*, Smile...

Eyes Applaud, Hearts follow a Sparkling Smile!

Make your smile your beauty talisman. Help keep it bright and sparkling with Ipana and Massage.

HAVEN'T YOU noticed that it isn't always the prettiest girl who is the best-liked, the most popular?

Heads turn and hearts surrender to the girl who *smiles*! Not a timid, half-hearted smile—but a real smile—generous and gay. A smile that says, "Look, I'm in love with life!"

So wake up, plain girl—wake up and *smile*! You can steal the show if your smile is right. You can be a star in your

own small world—you can win compliments—you can win love and romance.

But your smile must be *right*. It must flash freely and unafraid, lighting your face with beauty. And remember, for a smile to keep its sparkle, *gums must retain their healthy firmness*.

So if you ever notice a tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist!* He may tell you your gums are tender because soft foods have robbed them of exercise. And like thousands of dentists, he may suggest Ipana and massage.

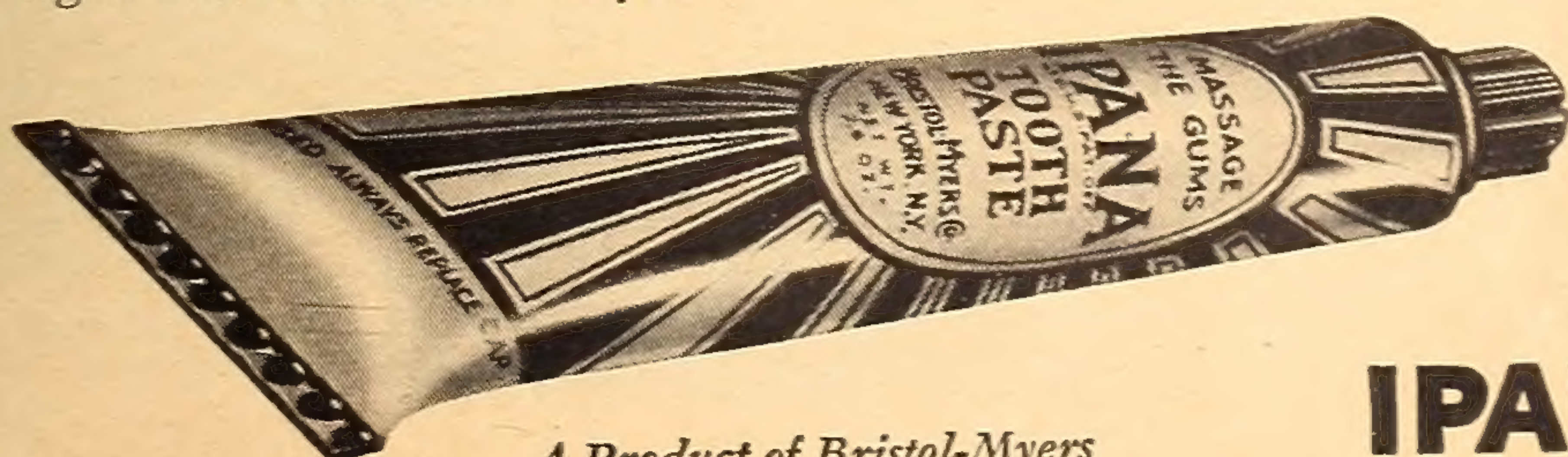
Take his advice! For Ipana Tooth

Paste not only cleans and brightens your teeth but, with massage, it is designed to help the health of your gums as well.

**For a Lovelier Smile—
Ipana and Massage**

Massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums every time you clean your teeth. That invigorating "tang" means circulation is quickening in the gum tissue—helping gums to new firmness.

Get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste at your druggist's today. Let Ipana and massage help keep your teeth brighter, your gums firmer, your smile more sparkling.



A Product of Bristol-Myers

Start today with

IPANA and MASSAGE

TAYLOR

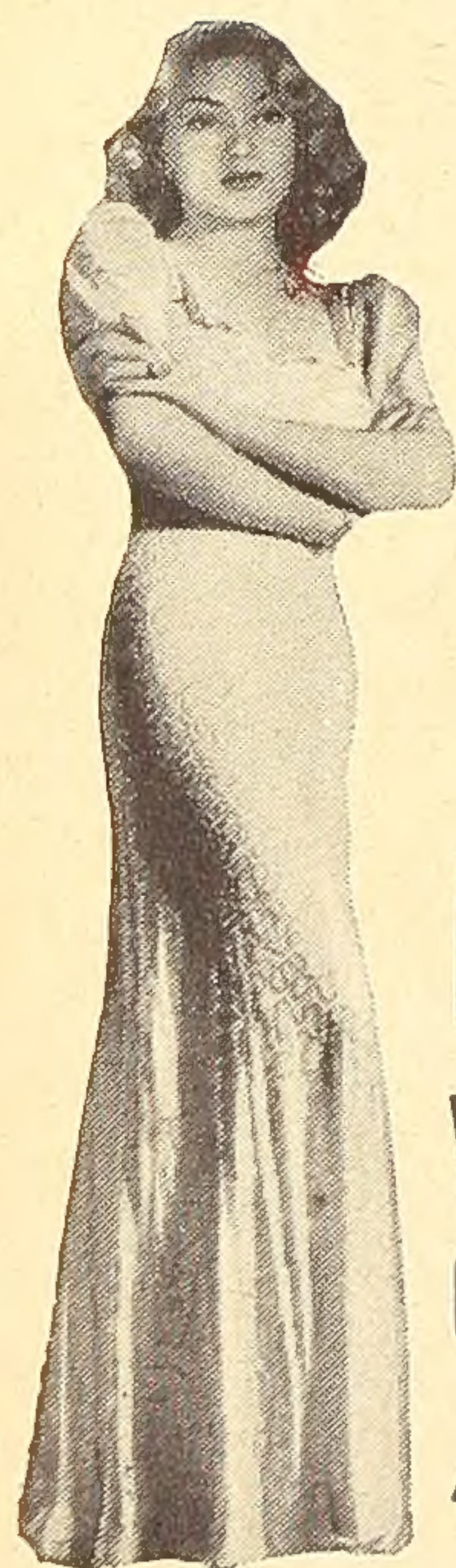
N

TURNER

"You're cruel, Johnnie. You're almost 100% bad. But whatever you are, darling, you're my man!"

They're dynamite in

JOHNNY EAGER



The flaming drama of a high-born beauty who blindly loved the most icy-hearted Big Shot gangland ever knew.

A MERVYN LeROY Production with
EDWARD ARNOLD

VAN HEFLIN · ROBERT STERLING · PATRICIA DANE
GLENDA FARRELL · HENRY O'NEILL · DIANA LEWIS

Screen Play by John Lee Mahin and James Edward Grant
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE • Directed by MERVYN LeROY
Produced by JOHN W. CONSIDINE, Jr.



The Smart Screen Magazine

SCREENLAND

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February, 1942

Vol. XLIV, No. 4

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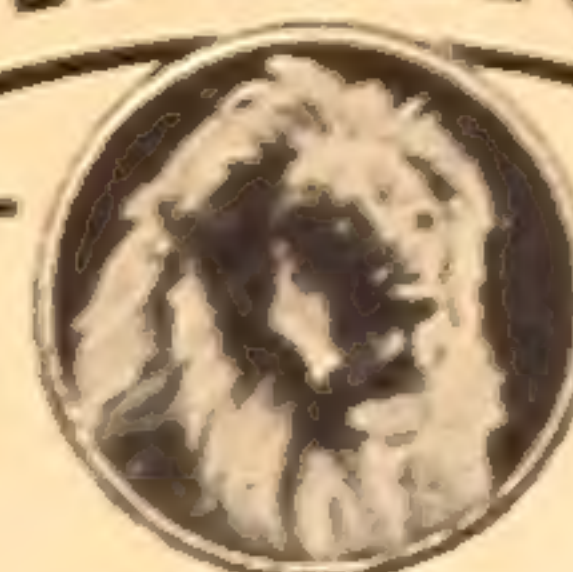
Cover Portrait of LANA TURNER by Eric Carpenter, M-G-M

V. G. Heimbucher, President Paul C. Hunter, Vice President and Publisher D. H. Lapham, Secretary and Treasurer
Published monthly by Screenland Magazine, Inc. Executive and Editorial Offices, 45 West 45th Street, New York City. Advertising Offices: 45 West 45th St., New York; 410 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago; 427 W. Fifth St., Los Angeles, Calif. Manuscripts and drawings must be accompanied by return postage. They will receive careful attention but SCREENLAND assumes no responsibility for their safety. Yearly subscription \$1.00 in the United States, its dependencies, Cuba and Mexico; \$1.50 in Canada; foreign \$2.00. Changes of address must reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue. Be sure to give both the old and new address. Entered as second-class matter November 30, 1923, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at Chicago, Illinois.
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SCREENLAND

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR

Published in
this space
every month



The greatest
star of the
screen!

Begins the nineteen hundred and forty-second Annum Domini and the third year of this column.

May our foes wither like the chilled leaves. May Decency find, with renewed vigor, the mislaid path plotted in the year one.

So wisheth the philosopher Leo, Coeur de Lion.



Each of us, in his own way, has his job to do. And ours is to entertain, to divert, to interest, to serve.

We offer the best that the screen can provide. With each year the movies come to fuller flower. In addition to technique they have mastered pace and the tempo of the times.

When you see—and you will see—Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in "Woman of the Year", note this blending of action, merriment and modernity.



It's the snappiest yarn that has come to the studio editor in many moons.

Spence plays a hail-fellow sports writer named Sam. Kate plays a high-brow political columnist named Tess.

Tess gets pretty stuffy about sports and one day Sam takes her to the ball game where she asks some pretty cute questions, to the disgust of the press box.

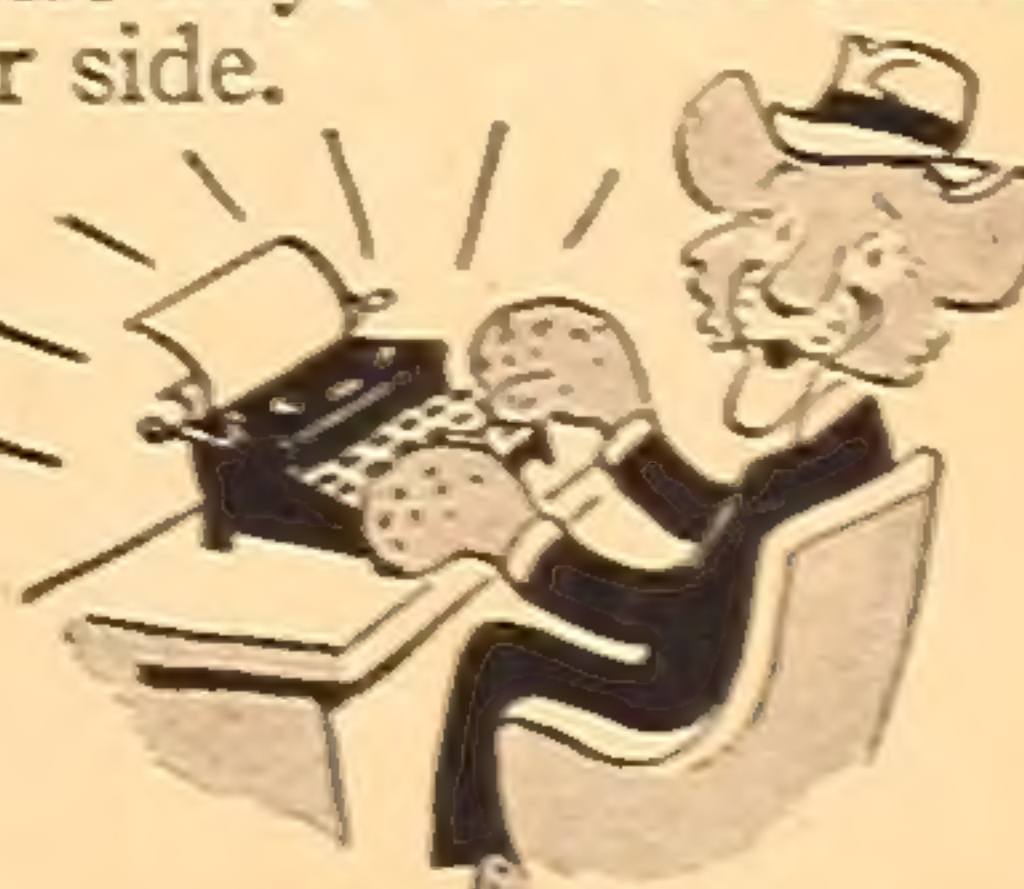


It's either war or love twist Sam and Tess. All's fair in both.

But, baby, what comedy comes out of the mixing of the two worlds—the people and the tall brows. That party where those who came over in the Mayflower rub elbows with the boys who are more on the cauliflower side.

"Woman of the Year" is the Picture of the Year.

—Leo



Advertisement for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures

CAN YOUR HANDS PASS THE *KISS TEST*?



MAKE THIS TEST—Brush your lips across the back of your hand. Does skin feel rough, and uninviting? Now use extra quick-drying Cashmere Bouquet Lotion. Notice how smooth hands become.

HERE'S WHY—Cashmere Bouquet Lotion removes dead skin and surface scales instantly, and so leaves your hands soft and alluring.

"PLUSH luxury!" you think, when you hear of a society beauty paying dollars for salon hand-treatments. But, with Cashmere Bouquet Lotion you can do it for yourself, many times a day, at about a penny a time. It's speedy, too, this Cashmere Bouquet Lotion treatment, for it works "quick as a kiss."

So after every dishwashing you can give your hands that kiss appeal. Because Cashmere Bouquet Lotion dries in ten seconds. No smeary, gooey stickiness. But blessed smoothness. And of course this lovely lotion imparts to your hands the beguiling perfumes of Cashmere Bouquet—the 'fragrance men love'.

In generous 10¢ and larger sizes at all drug and toilet goods counters.

Cashmere Bouquet

LOTION

Another member of
Cashmere Bouquet—the
Royal Family of
beauty preparations.



HOT from Hollywood



Is it because there aren't enough Dorothy Lamours to go around that Eddie Bracken is turning up his nose at the maneuvers by Dotty and Bill Holden in this scene from the musical, "The Fleet's In?" Remember when Clara Bow played the rôle Dotty now has?

WAYNE MORRIS not only likes the navy, he's making plans to have it for a lasting career. There's a great deal of difference between the salary of a naval officer and that of a Hollywood movie star. So Pat Stewart has gone to work in a dress shop. When she and Wayne marry in the future, if he will need any help then she'll be qualified to give it.

JIMMY STEWART'S age makes him eligible for dismissal from the army. However, this can only come about if Jimmy himself makes the application. It's a regulation rule. Having struggled valiantly to get into the army, it wouldn't help the morale any for Jimmy to ask to get out again. That's probably why he's waiting until March, when his original year of service completes the obligation he sincerely felt when he joined.

YOU should get a load of those glasses Mickey Rooney has to wear between pictures. They're the no-rim style and make M-G-M's pride and joy look as serious as a bookworm. The other day Mickey saw Ann Sothorn walking across the lot. "Say, Ann," he called, "would you go out with me?" As he was saying it he grinned and kept shaking his head in a negative manner—knowing only too well what answer he'd get from Ann. But she loves him just the same.

MARTHA SCOTT'S baby is due the latter part of February. Believe it or not, Martha doesn't have to buy one stitch of anything for the expected one. She is such a great favorite with the wardrobe women on her various pictures, they all go together and handmade her enough things to last for two years. Martha's inimitable husband, the popular Carl Alsop, kiddingly refers to the expected one as "Happy Jack."

AROUND the M-G-M lot they're saying that Joan Crawford has some ambitious plans for the future. They don't include an operatic career. And she isn't going to do a play. They say Joan wants to become a producer right there on her own lot where she first got her big break. If this is what Joan wants, rest assured it will come to pass. The one and only Crawford has a way of realizing her ambitions. More power to her!

ED BUCHANAN, who plays a malpractice tising dentist in "Texas," is actually an excellent Pasadena dentist by trade. During the scenes where he's supposed to pry loose Bill Holden's perfectly good molars, Ed had a good chance to observe the Holden "crockery." He saw that Bill really did need some dental work done. So he solicited the business. Between pictures Bill dashes back and forth to Pasadena and fills in his time with new fillings.

MADE FOR EACH OTHER!



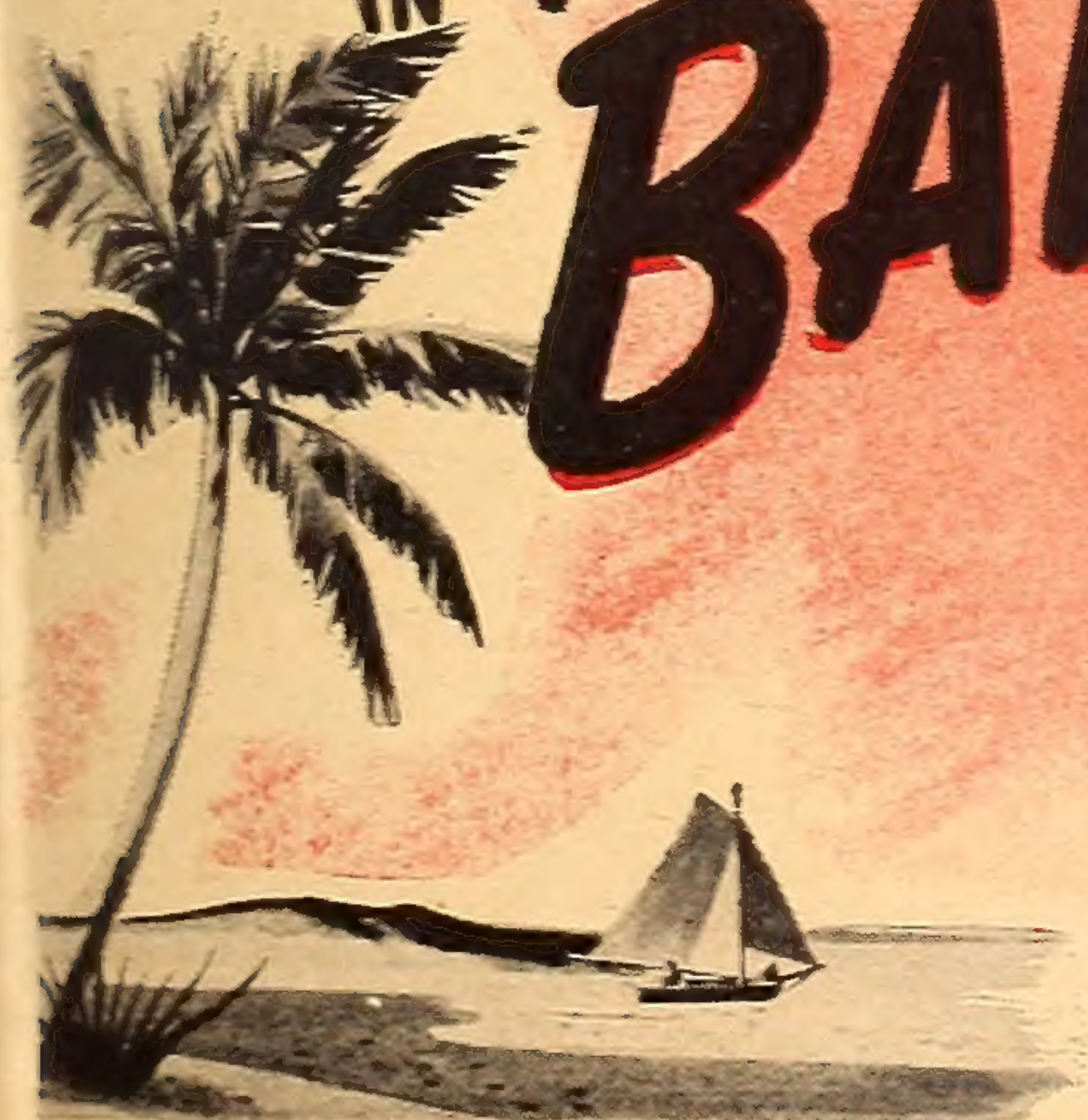
MADELEINE CARROLL · STIRLING HAYDEN
TOSSED BY THE TIDES OF LOVE...

IN " **BAHAMA PASSAGE** " **IN TECHNICOLOR!**

with **FLORA ROBSON · LEO G. CARROLL**
MARY ANDERSON · CECIL KELLAWAY

Produced and Directed by **EDWARD H. GRIFFITH**

Screen Play by Virginia Van Upp Based on a story by Nelson Hayes A Paramount Picture



ASK YOUR THEATRE MANAGER WHEN THIS BIG PARAMOUNT HIT IS COMING

SCREENLAND

GIRLS! DON'T GIVE UP IF YOU'VE GOT A POOR COMPLEXION



**Here's grand way that
has helped improve complexions
of thousands of women**



• If you're blue and discouraged because of your complexion; if you think you're doomed to go through life with an unsightly looking skin—this may be the most important message you've ever read.

Thousands of women who felt just as you do have been thrilled beyond words to see the noticeable improvement Noxzema has made in their complexions.

Why it does so much

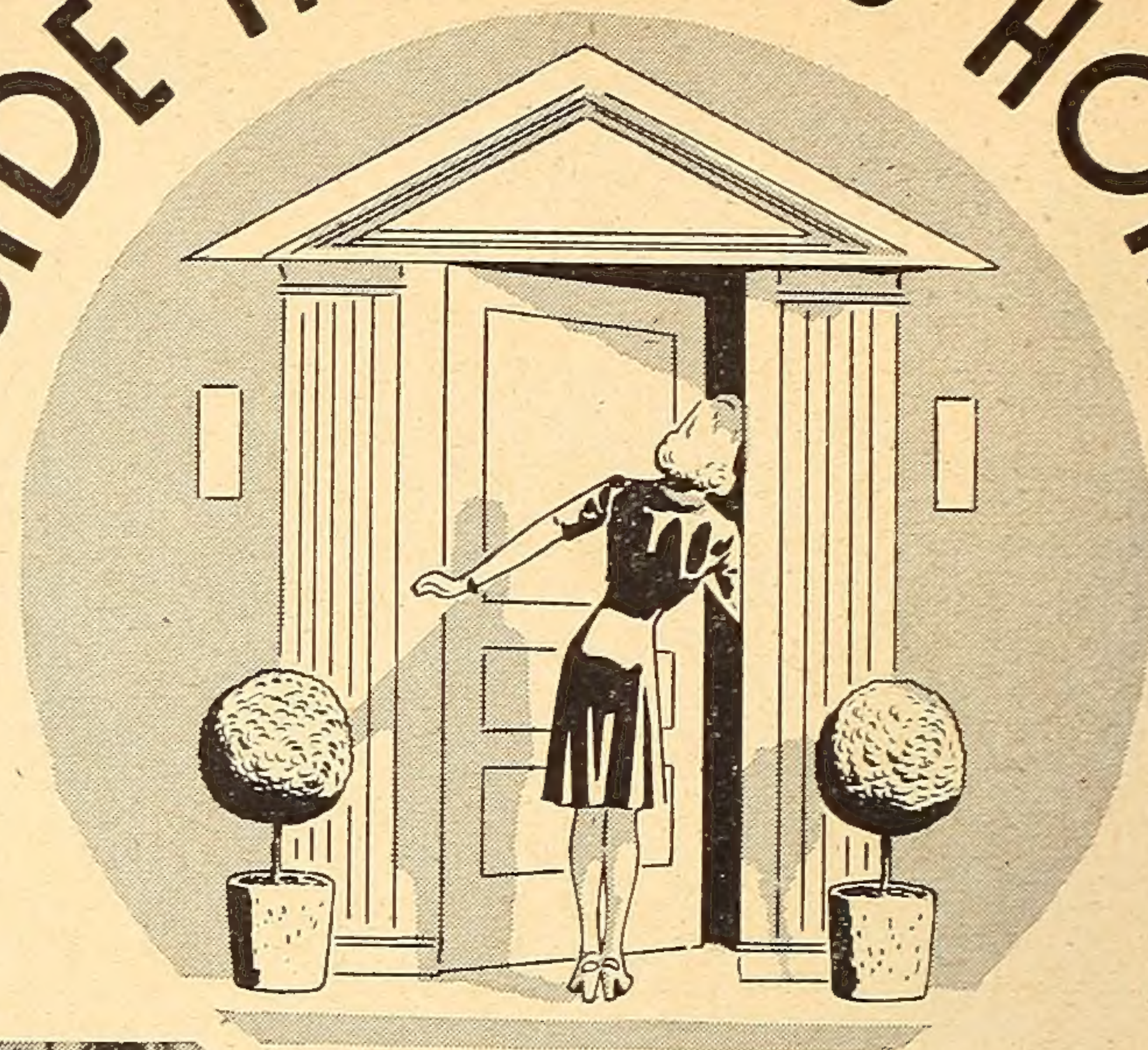
One important reason for Noxzema's benefits is this: Noxzema is not just a cosmetic cream. It's a soothing, *medicated* cream that not only quickly helps soften and smooth rough, dry skin—but also aids in healing externally-caused skin blemishes! And it has a mildly astringent action, too.

SPECIAL TRIAL OFFER. For a limited time you can get a generous 25¢ jar of Noxzema for only 19¢ at any drug or cosmetic counter. Give Noxzema a chance to help *your* complexion. Get a jar today and use it as a night cream and protective powder base. See what it does for your skin!

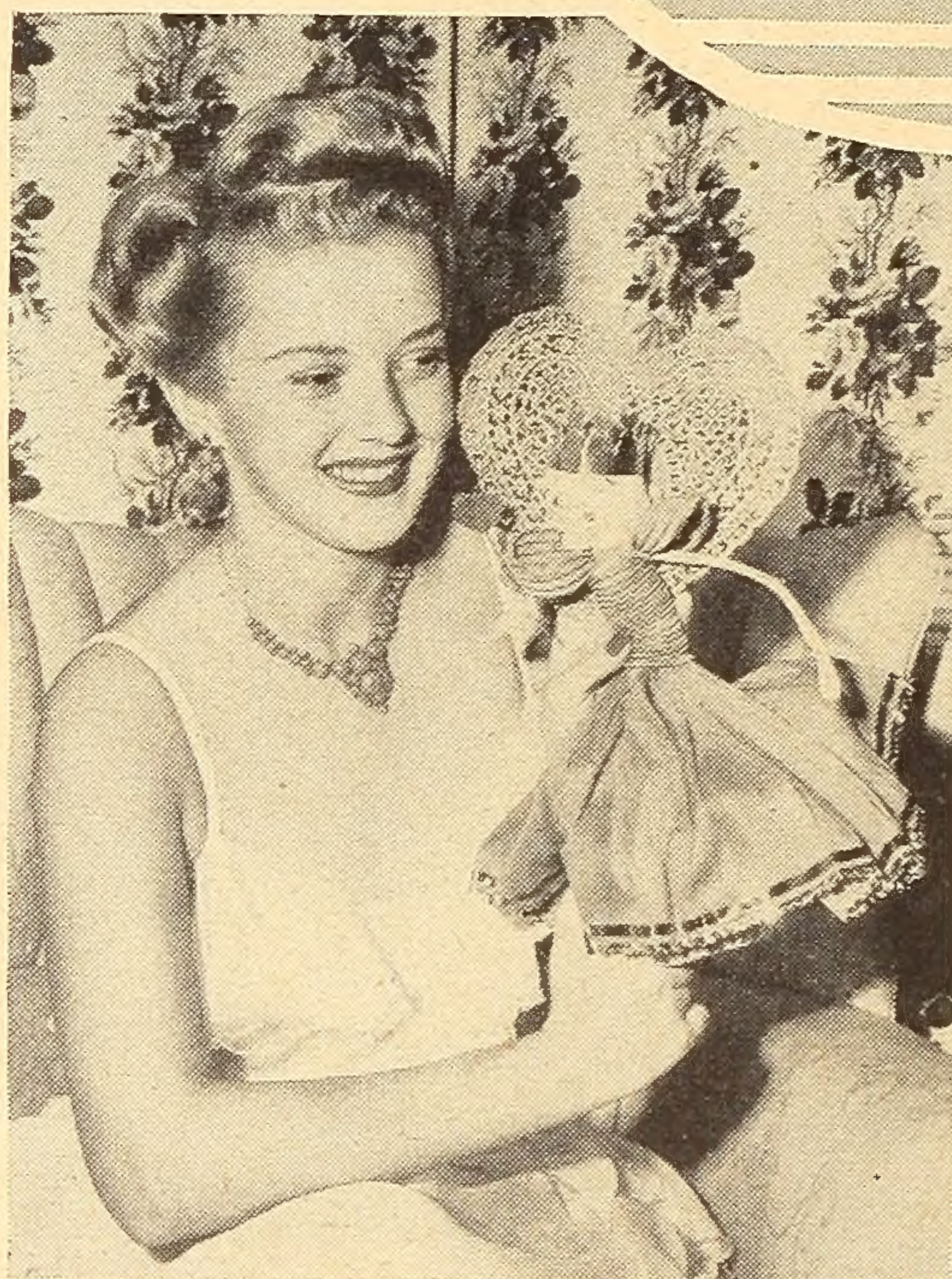


By
**Betty
Boone**

INSIDE THE STARS' HOMES



She's most-dated bachelor girl in the movie colony, but Phyllis spares an evening to stage a very special St. Valentine party.



Go gay with good St. Valentine! Phyllis Brooks, Hollywood's "moonlight blonde" heart interest, plans a party just for you



NOT so long ago, when Phyllis Brooks was five, she heard about St. Valentine. Being in love at the time with a young gentleman of nine, she bought a box of valentine materials, acquired a bottle of library paste, and spent hours with scissors and stickum and little red hearts. She stuck her silver-gilt curls to her hot little face, smeared the nursery table and walls, and finally came up with a finger-printed masterpiece laboriously addressed to the object of her affections.

"He didn't send me anything," she remembers, laughing. "It was a case of unrequited love. I suffered over it for several days. I should have been used to it, I suppose. My love life began at the age of two-and-a-half when I fell for a boy called Reginald, who must have been about ten. I used to chase him all over the park, hoping for attention, my nurse in mad pursuit, Reginald running for his life. I wonder whatever became of that Reginald? You can see that my early romantic experiences were anything but happy?"

Let me warn you, though, that if you are thinking of cooking up a little something to offer Hollywood's moonlight blonde for Valentine's Day, that today Phyllis is one of our six most sought-after glamor girls, and you'll need plenty of imagination if your valentine is to impress her.

Missives from Cupid in 1941 arriving at the Brooks doorstep included a raft of gardenias to float in a shallow bowl, water-

lilies—blue, pink and white—more than breath-taking in their waxen beauty, a tray of pink camellias, a box of candy with a piece of jewelry inside, and the coral necklace and ear-drops she was wearing today. These were from the "mystery man."

"The most wonderful valentine I ever had was from a Frenchman who is now in a concentration camp," confided Phyllis, in her funny little husky voice. "It was a gorgeous sterling silver bowl—oh, *huge!*—containing an orchid plant with twenty-five blooming orchids actually growing on it. I was so thrilled I almost died. I was just eighteen."

So think hard, if you want to top that! Phyllis isn't an orchid fan, however. She likes mixed flowers.

"Do I sound too unromantic?" she won-

(Please turn to page 59)



Bette Davis!

Ann Sheridan!

Monty Woolley!

(He's 'the man')

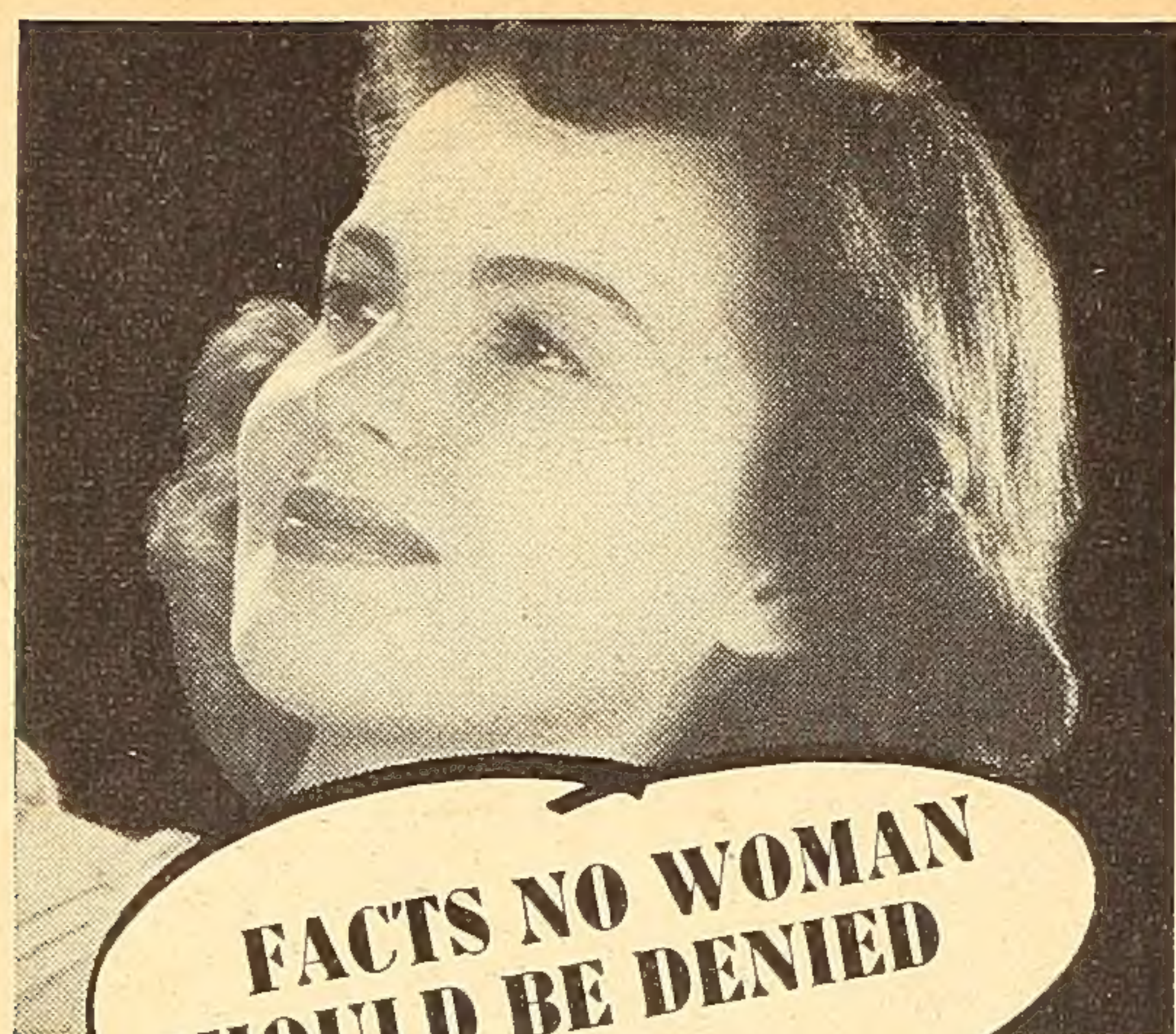
Jimmy Durante!

There never was a better reason for "going to the movies" ... 'cause there never was a better movie to go to!

The most laughed-at play of our day—with this wonderful Warner Bros. cast (including the play's celebrated star) to make it even greater as a picture!

THE MAN
WHO CAME TO
DINNER

WARNER BROS. PICTURE from the play by famous GEO. S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART • Produced by Sam H. Harris
with RICHARD TRAVIS • BILLIE BURKE • REGINALD GARDINER • Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY • Screen Play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein



**FACTS NO WOMAN
SHOULD BE DENIED**

Safe New Way in Feminine Hygiene Gives Continuous Action for Hours

● It is every wife's right to know certain facts. Her greatest happiness, her physical and mental well-being may be at stake. She cannot go by what others tell; she must *know*. Otherwise in feminine hygiene, she may resort to over-strong solutions of acids, which can burn, scar and desensitize delicate tissue.

Today thousands of informed women have turned to Zonitors—the safe, new way in feminine hygiene. These dainty, snow-white suppositories kill germs instantly at contact. Deodorize—not by temporarily masking—but by destroying odors. Spread greaseless, protective coating to cleanse antiseptically and give continuous medication for hours.

Yet! Zonitors are *safe* for delicate tissues. Powerful—yet non-poisonous, non-caustic. Even help promote gentle healing. No apparatus; nothing to mix. At all druggists.

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ADDRESS.....
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Zonitors



EASY WAY....

Tints Hair to BROWN BEAUTY

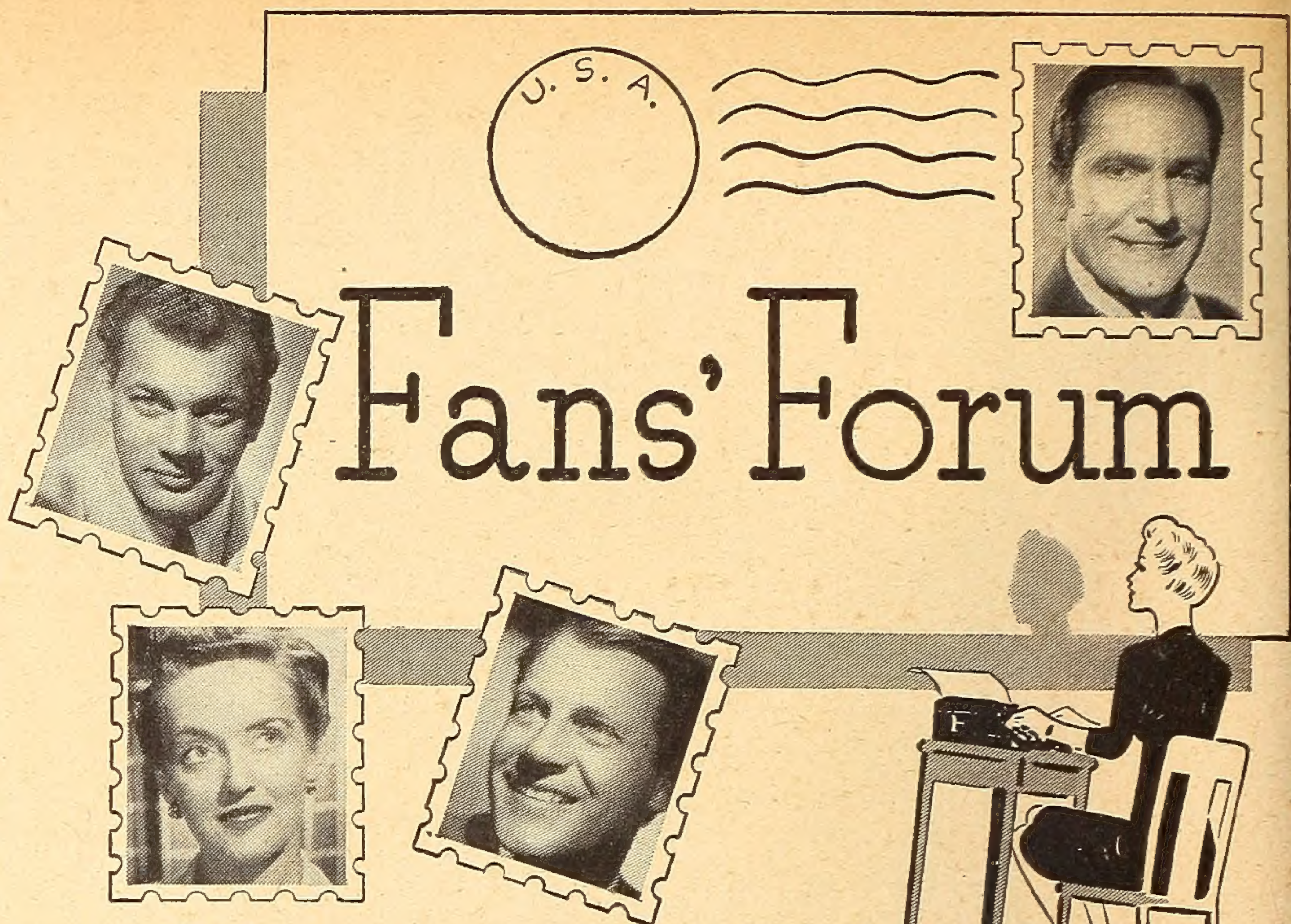
This remarkable CAKE discovery, TINTZ Hair Tinting Shampoo, washes out dirt, loose dandruff, grease, and safely gives hair a real smooth BROWN TINT that fairly glows with life and lustre. Don't put up with faded dull, burnt, off color hair a minute longer. TINTZ Hair Tinting Cake works gradual... each shampoo leaves your hair browner, lovelier, softer, easier to manage. No dyed look. Won't hurt permanents. Full cake 50c (3 for \$1.00). TINTZ comes in Jet Black, light, medium and dark Brown, Titian, and Blonde. Order today! State shade wanted.

SEND NO MONEY Just pay postman plus postage on our positive assurance of satisfaction in 7 days or your money back. (We Pay Postage if remittance comes with order). Don't wait—Write today to TINTZ COMPANY, Dept. 15-B 207 N. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO CANADIAN OFFICE: Dept. 15-B 22 COLLEGE STREET, TORONTO



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Fans' Forum

FIRST PRIZE LETTER

\$10.00

I have seen two pictures this week, each of them placing a strong emphasis upon religious values. I intend recommending both pictures not only to the people of my church, but particularly to folk who do not attend church.

However, I would like to note the distinction between the two types of pictures. "One Foot in Heaven," in which Fredric March does such a splendid piece of work, was well portrayed. It followed the book very closely, and was an excellent presentation of the ups and downs of a minister's life—as well as that of his long-suffering wife! Unfortunately, it is not the type of picture that will appeal to the average theater-goer and, while I sincerely hope I am wrong, I am afraid will not have the chance it should to get its story across.

But the other picture—well, if "Sergeant York" doesn't gross a million dollars and win the coveted "Oscar" for its producer and director—I shall not only be surprised, but disappointed. It has everything: technical perfection, splendid acting, human interest, pathos, humor—and REALITY. Never has a character and a story so "come alive" on the screen before. But the real joy of the picture—if such a constantly remarkable portrayal can be said to have a single high-point—was, in my estimation, Sergeant York's remark to his Captain as they reenacted the scene of the capture: "I killed only that I might *save* lives." How symbolic this is of all who have sacrificed themselves and others in the interest of human betterment and advancement.

This is a day of tremendous challenge and strain, a day when faith is needed; "Sergeant York" will go a long way in pointing the way to that faith for millions.

REV. WILLIAM J. LOAR, Spokane, Wash.

SECOND PRIZE LETTER

\$5.00

There is no actress who can equal Bette Davis. Twice winner of the Academy Award, she justifies the faith that the American public bestows on her to give her best to whatever rôle she portrays.

She uses no tricks in creating her characters. Here is a true talent for acting, a talent that can touch every heart in the vast audiences of people who see the pictures in which she stars. This is the true test for any actor or actress. There is a naturalness about her acting that commands deep admiration. She *is* that character and not Bette Davis enacting a rôle.

YOU AWARD THE "OSCARS" WE AWARD THE DOLLARS

Now that the time for handing out Academy Awards is drawing near, SCREENLAND readers have been writing letters to this Forum and naming *their* candidates. When the real winners are made known, it will be fun to see how their choices compare with those announced by the Academy. You, too, may play at this game. You may not be able to attend Academy Award dinners or vote on the matter of who really gets an "Oscar," but what's to stop you from naming *your* choice for "best performance" or "best picture?" Nothing—absolutely nothing! And doing it in the Forum is even more fun because you're not limited to singing praises—you can give out deserving raspberries, too. And, you know, SCREENLAND also makes Awards. Not "Oscars," to be sure, but Dollars—good American Dollars—\$10.00, \$5.00 and five awards of \$1.00 each for the best letters published.

Please address your letters to SCREENLAND'S FANS' FORUM, 45 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y.

It is evident that thought and study have gone into all of her work. Her technique is well-nigh flawless. Her characters lack affectation. But all show vigor. They are *real*. Who can forget the *Julie* of "Jezebel"? Or the *Judith Trahern* of "Dark Victory"? Or the *Leslie Crosby* of "The Letter"? Or any of the innumerable characters that have looked down on us from the screen with the emotional personality and forceful dynamic charm of Bette Davis?

Her acting is indeed material for future Academy Awards, and it's a two to one chance that her rôle in "The Little Foxes" will net her another gold statuette. But it probably one hundred to one that this letter even wins an honorable mention, much less a prize!

MISS MELBA BAEHR, Eau Claire, Wis.

FIVE PRIZE LETTERS

\$1.00 EACH

I never scream at mice, cry at wedding or go loony at football games, but S-Q-U-E-A-L-E-D (and loud) when I ramsmack into Joel McCrea at J. C. Penny

'I love him because he don't know how to kiss—

The jerk!'

Samuel Goldwyn, master producer, scores again with a picture both heart-warming and uproariously funny—the story of a sedate professor who knew all about dead languages and nothing about live ladies until a night club gal crashed his bachelor quarters and rhumbaed right into his heart.



Samuel Goldwyn presents

GARY COOPER • BARBARA STANWYCK

in *Ball of Fire*

Directed by **HOWARD HAWKS**

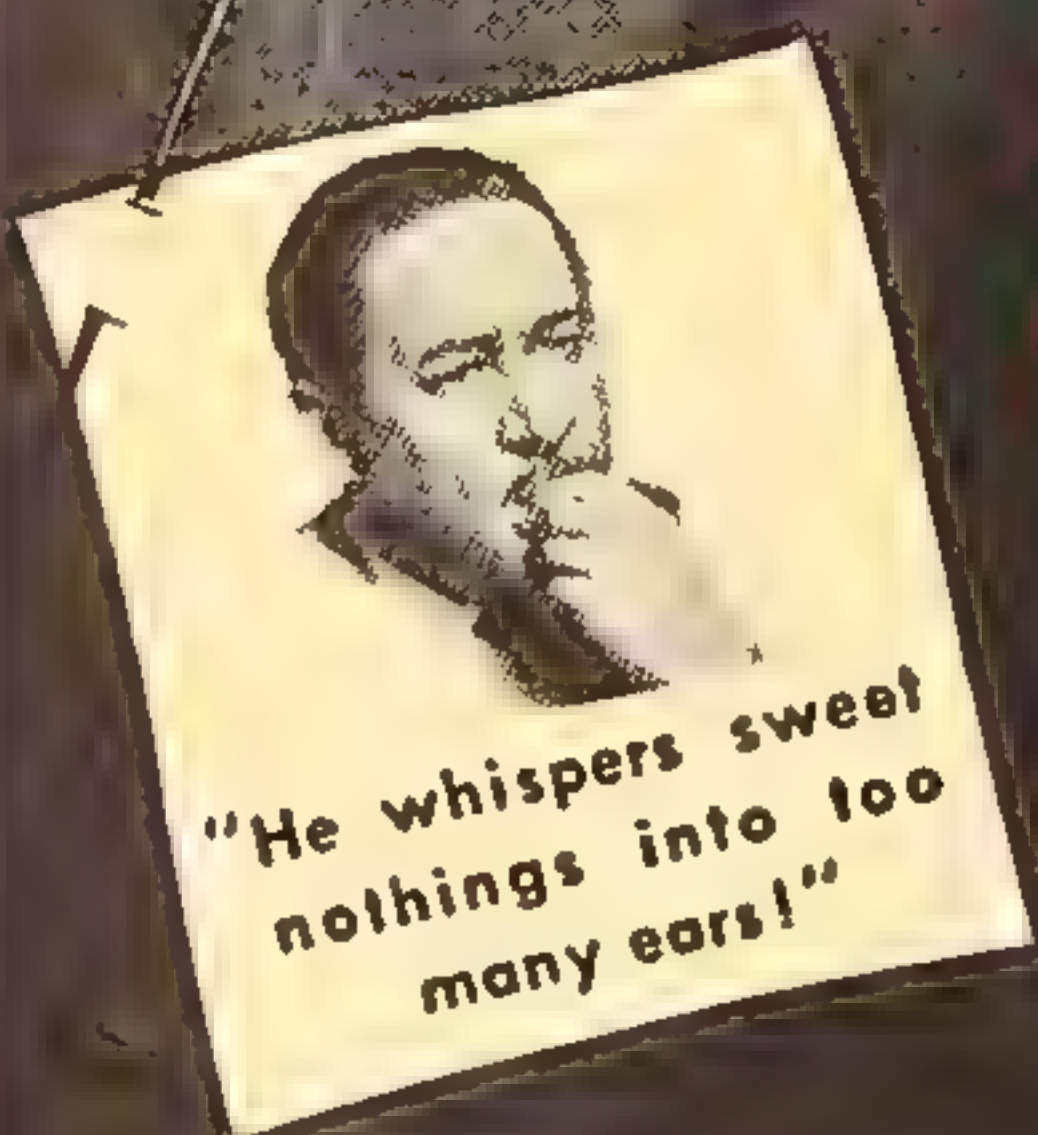
Released through RKO Radio Pictures Inc.
Screen Play by **CHARLES BRACKETT** and **BILLY WILDER**
Hear Gene Krupa with his drums and his famous orchestra

HIS **BEDTIME** STORIES
WERE ABOUT OTHER WOMEN!



...It's a gay and giddy tale of love
whispered at twilight...to put a
smile on her lips...a gleam in her
eye...and a laugh in your heart!

Fredric
MARCH *Tells* *Loretta*
YOUNG



"He whispers sweet
nothings into too
many ears!"

**Bedtime
Story**

with **ROBERT BENCHLEY** · ALLYN JOSLYN · EVE ARDEN · HELEN WESTLEY

Screen play by Richard Flournoy · Story by Horace Jackson and Grant Garrett · Produced by B. P. SCHULBERG

Directed by **ALEXANDER HALL** · A COLUMBIA PICTURE

store in Santa Monica recently. Up until then I was not particularly a Joel McCrea fan. But from here out I am. Why?

FIRST: Because when he saw how embarrassed I was he smiled politely and passed on, leading by the hand his cute little son, for whom he had just bought a pair of tennis shoes.

SECOND: Because he was democratic enough and sensible enough to buy his kid shoes at Penny's when he could have afforded some with gold laces from "Ye Very Exclusive Shoppe."

THIRD: Because he was dressed in real life in that easy, countryish way he appears in so many pictures—big white hat and soft shirt open at the throat.

FOURTH: Because he took time out to be a real daddy and pal to his kid. Joel McCrea himself, not a governess, was leading that youngster by the hand.

If Hollywood had fewer hot lovers, pretty boys and sweet papas, and more real homespun daddies like Joel McCrea, we mothers wouldn't worry so much about the pictures our own offsprings soak up at the neighborhood theaters.

MRS. BONNIE L. ADAMS, Santa Monica, Calif.

Now comes the time of year when one and all try to proclaim their series of "Ten Bests," usually based on artistic merit or box-office success. This is well and good, since movies are a huge industry which must succeed financially in order to survive.

However, I think that besides box-office popularity and appeal, the people and forces behind picture entertainment provide other human values that are difficult to group in serial numbers.

There is the eternal groping of the human mind, finding new expression in "Fantasia" and "Citizen Kane." There is the courage of risking careers for motherhood, by stars like Jane Wyman, Veronica Lake and Alice Faye; there is humanitarian helpfulness by performers never too busy to work for War Relief and other uncounted, unknown charities; there is the innate sympathy and unselfishness that gives welcome to refugee talent, and there is the grand tolerance of racial kindred that stands ready to give credit to a Hattie McDaniel or a "Rochester."

No, you can't list all the "Ten Bests" in Hollywood, but perhaps it is this mass of unclassified human values that makes movies the everyday entertainment for Mr. Everyman in his many moods and desires.

MRS. B. B. JACKSON, Ludlow, Ky.

Well, blow me down! Hand me those binoculars, mates, so I can take a better look at that fascinating new actor, Joseph Cotten. He's even handsomer and more incredibly brilliant in "Lydia" than he was in "Citizen Kane." People as good looking as Joe never can act, but shiver me timbers if Joe isn't acting perfection personified! Whoever said you have to go down south to pick cotton? I'm picking Cotten right here and now for an Academy Award. If he doesn't start collecting Awards like a magnet drawing pins, I'll be greatly disappointed. So I'm raving, huh? Nope, when it comes to discussing my favorite actor, Joe Cotten, I'm too enthusiastic to rave. I just gibber!

JEAN SHEPARD, Oakland, Calif.

Who wants "historical accuracy" in the movies? Perhaps Mr. Ben Wacker (first prize November SCREENLAND) who teaches American History in San Antonio may, but not the majority of moviegoers.

We go to the movies to be entertained not instructed, so we enjoy their vagaries.

What would have happened to "Suez" if Count de Lesseps (Henry Stephenson) had arrived grey-haired with wife and seven-

teen children. Isn't John Gielgud's "The Prime Minister" a much nicer sort of chap than the one in MacCaulay's history? And "The House of Rothschild" would need quite a lot of retouching to make it historically correct for Mr. Wacker.

Remember beautiful Marlene Dietrich loping off across the Sahara hatless and shoeless at high noon in pursuit of her legionnaire (she gets her man, too) in "Morocco?" Incredible, but entertaining.

Young white heiresses, blazing with jewels, alone in the native quarters of North Africa at midnight ("Algiers" and "Morocco"). Perhaps those things aren't done in real life, but on the screen they help supply the thrills and glamor we crave.

An English officer insults the daughter of an Arab chief whose friendship he desires ("Sundown"); regimental fans gaining access to the wards of a military hospital without even being challenged by a sentry! It's all refreshing, amusing and quite inaccurate. And I like it that way. MISS SARA LESLIE BELL, Vancouver, B. C.

I wonder how many of us have ever sat down and considered how much time and patience, how many different minds and hands are used in the making of one motion picture. I wonder how many of us have ever pondered the problems that confront the writers, the directors, the cameramen, the players, and the countless others who contribute their physical and mental actions to the creation of one film.

Think how much thought must take place, how much turning on of light, how much grinding of camera, how much building of set, learning of line, studying of script, directing of scene must go into each picture. Think how much time and work and worry must be spent whipping the script into shape. Think how much thought and patience and knowledge must go into the direction. Think how many hours, how many sleepless nights must be used learning lines. Think how much thought and patience and knowledge must go into the direction. Think how much fatigue, how much monotonous repetition must be overcome by those men and women whose images will ultimately flash on the screen telling us a story, bringing romance, mystery, horror, hate, fear, love into our lives.

It doesn't seem such a soft and easy life when you sit right down and think about it. And you realize that no matter how much money they make out there, they earn it—the hard way.

T. N. PAPPAS, JR., Memphis, Tenn.



Above, Ginger Rogers in the title rôle of "Roxie Hart," in which George Montgomery, her real heart interest, plays opposite her.

Even at winter parties— it's August under your arms!



Guard popularity, prevent underarm odor with Mum!

WINTER is a season of wonderful parties and wonderful times, if a girl is *popular*! So don't let underarm odor come between you and social success. In winter, as in summer, guard daintiness with sure, dependable Mum!

Even though you see no warning trace of moisture, underarms always perspire. Heavier clothing and heated rooms encourage danger for the girl who foolishly thinks that, in winter, she doesn't perspire!

Everyone does! That's why it's so foolish to trust just a bath to *keep* you sweet. A bath only removes past perspiration,

but Mum prevents risk of future underarm odor. Use Mum for:

SPEED! 30 seconds to use... protects for a whole day or a whole evening.

SAFETY! Mum has won the Seal of the American Institute of Laundering as being harmless to fabrics. And Mum won't irritate skin, even after shaving.

DEPENDABLE! Mum guards charm, not by stopping perspiration, but by preventing odor all day or all evening. Mum is pleasant, creamy, fragrant—you'll like it! Get Mum from your druggist today!

WINTER WARNING: DAINTINESS IS NOW IN DANGER!



For Sanitary Napkins

More women prefer Mum for this use, too, because it's gentle, safe... guards charm. Avoid offending—always use Mum.

Product of Bristol-Myers

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

SCREENLAND

HONOR PAGE

Discovery! Watch Anne Baxter, whose poignant performance in "Swamp Water" stamps her as most promising of new crop of Hollywood starlets

Here is Anne Baxter, below, as the appealing waif in 20th Century-Fox's distinguished drama of the Georgia swamp lands. From the stage, Miss Baxter brings vibrant youth, refreshing sincerity, and technical skill to a difficult rôle. Opposite her, right below, is Dana Andrews, best bet among the recently discovered younger actors. Stardom ahead!

Here's Anne as the smart and sparkling 1942 girl she really is. Wait until she's given a gay rôle



Know the Thrill a Lovelier Skin can Bring You . . .

Go on the CAMAY "MILD-SOAP" DIET !

*This thrilling idea is based
on the advice of skin specialists
—praised by lovely brides!*

LIKE many brides whose lovely complexions surely qualify them as beauty experts, Mrs. Conner is devoted to the Camay "Mild-Soap" Diet. You, too, can follow her way to greater loveliness!

No woman's skin can be truly beautiful if, unknowingly, she mars it through improper cleansing. Or if she uses a beauty soap that isn't mild enough.

Mrs. Conner's lovely skin is wonderful proof of what proper care can do. "I wouldn't think of neglecting my 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine," she says.

Skin specialists advise regular cleansing with a fine mild soap. And Camay is actually milder than the 10 other famous beauty soaps tested. That's why we say "Go on the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet."

Put your complete trust and confidence in Camay. Use it faithfully night and morning. As the days go by you can reasonably expect to see your skin lovelier . . . more appealing.



GO ON THE "MILD-SOAP" DIET TONIGHT!



Start the "Mild-Soap" Diet tonight. Work Camay's milder lather over your skin, paying special attention to nose, base of nostrils and chin. Rinse with warm water and follow with 30 seconds of cold splashing.



In the morning, one more quick session with Camay and your face is ready for make-up. Do this twice a day—for 30 days. For it's regular cleansing that reveals the full benefit of Camay's greater mildness.

FOR 30 DAYS . . . LET NO OTHER SOAP TOUCH YOUR SKIN !

This charming bride is lovely Mrs. Charles H. Conner, Jr. of Charlotte, N.C. who says: "I don't believe in keeping secrets when it comes to the 'Mild-Soap' Diet. I'm forever telling someone about it."



Trade Mark
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

BEAUTY Gets Down to Business



Be pretty but practical by day—glamorous by night! All a-glitter and gorgeous is Ann Sheridan for extreme nocturnal chic.

Perc Westmore, ace authority on make-up puts beauty on a pretty but practical basis

By Courtenay Marvin

THIS is a strange world today for the girls. They find themselves doing—and with verve and enjoyment, I might add—the unexpected and the unprecedented. A short time ago, we thought more about a portrait evening gown than a uniform. Now we think of both. We never dreamed that speed production of munitions might be our part, or the acquaintance we'd made with the gay little roadster might land us in a truck, or that the love we'd lavished on Fido's hurt paw might lead to a nurse's uniform. But so it goes. And it goes with a fine, high spirit, a new value of the importance of living, and a keen appreciation for good health, as well as a practical appraisal of our own good looks. If ever personal attractiveness had a peak of importance to everyone, this is the day.

For attractiveness has always been of great morale value. Somehow, we naturally assume that the groomed, fresh and shining person is a better worker, a better wife, sweetheart, or friend. If a girl is careless in appearance, we judge her to be that way in other phases of her life.

It was along this trend of thought that Perc Westmore and I spent a lively hour not long ago. Perc is a friendly, genial soul, the kind you like to talk with, and on his favorite subject, good looks, he goes to town in a large way. He knows all the answers, and answers, too, to the beauty problems of the future. However, we concentrated on the down-to-earth situation of the busy bees of the moment. Hair is foremost. I have seen the modern factories for medical supplies. In many, the workers wear white sanitary bandeaux about their permanent curls. The Red Cross girls wear smart caps suggestive of the trench caps of long ago. And as to the girls assigned to auxiliary air forces—well, I gasp with admiration. The uniform does something. It trims off the shoddy look that often results from a careless, unset permanent, make-up used too profusely or with disregard to tone, or clothes thrown on haphazardly. Perc feels that modern life has had a tonic effect on the appearance of many.

For the girl in the cap—and for all girls who wear small hats, notably the back-of-head calot—Perc advises the shorter hair cut. With a good permanent (*Please turn to page 58*)



Mary Brodel donned overalls, tucked her three-inch bob under a cap, to do a man's job and look pretty while about it. Many girls are doing just this.



Blonde Alexis Smith shows her usual gorgeous pompadour neat and attractive beneath a nurse's cap. Here is a simple, sanitary, sensible arrangement.



Jean Ames recently bobbed her long locks for a rough and ready rendezvous with a truck. She says this economized on hair time but not on style.

Silkier, Smoother Hair...Easier to Manage Lovelier Beyond Belief!



New hair-do with soft, natural-looking wave and curls . . . by Thomas Frank, famous Chicago hairstylist.

Amazing improvement in Special Drene Shampoo! Now contains wonderful hair conditioner to give new beauty thrills!

● If you haven't tried Special Drene lately—since it has that thrilling hair conditioner in it—you simply can't realize just how much lovelier your hair *can* look! Because it now makes the most amazing difference—leaves hair so much silkier, smoother . . . makes it behave better, fall into place more beautifully, right after shampooing!

Reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Yes! In addition to the extra beauty benefits of that amazing hair conditioner, Special Drene still reveals up to 33% more lustre than even the finest soaps or liquid soap shampoos! For Drene is not just a soap shampoo, so it *never* leaves any dulling film, as all soaps do! Hair washed with Special Drene sparkles with alluring highlights, glows with glorious, natural color. Do you wonder that girls everywhere are so delighted with

this new improved Special Drene Shampoo?

Unsurpassed for removing dandruff!

And when it comes to removing dandruff, no special "dandruff remover" shampoo known today can beat Drene! You know how important *cleansing* is in removing dandruff—so just remember that for cleansing Drene is supreme! Try improved Special Drene right away—or ask your beauty operator to use it!

LOOK FOR THIS PACKAGE!

All Special Drene now at your dealer's in the blue and yellow package is the new, improved Special Drene containing

HAIR CONDITIONER

and is for every type of hair . . . dry, oily or normal. Just look for Special Drene—in the blue and yellow package!

Avoid That Dulling Film Left
By Soaps and Soap Shampoos!



Don't rob your hair of glamour by using soaps or liquid soap shampoos—which always leave a dulling film that dims the natural lustre and color brilliance! Use Drene—the beauty shampoo with the exclusive patented cleansing ingredient which cannot leave a clouding film! Instead, it reveals up to 33% more lustre!





...THE EPITAPH OF A NICE GIRL

Everybody in town liked Ivy. Then behind her back they began to give her a sinister nick-name. It was "Poison Ivy"—and every one knew what it meant but Ivy herself. Slowly but certainly that nasty whispered epigram became her epitaph. Socially she was simply finished. Men no longer sought her company. Too often for her peace of mind she was left out of parties that in the past she could have counted on.

People were cool in their attitude and sometimes dropped her without a word of explanation. Hurt and puzzled, she sought for an answer but found none; people with that sort of

trouble* rarely do.

Few things are as fatal to friendship, popularity, and romance, as a case of *halitosis (bad breath), yet anyone may be guilty at some time or other—*without realizing it*. That's the insidious thing about this offensive condition.

Consider yourself. How do you know that at this very moment your breath is not on the offensive side? How foolish to guess . . . to take needless chances!

Why not let Listerine Antiseptic help you. It's a wonderful antiseptic and deodorant, you know. While the condition

is sometimes systemic, food fermentation in the mouth is the major cause of bad breath according to some authorities. Listerine quickly halts this fermentation and makes your breath sweeter and purer.

Simply use Listerine Antiseptic night and morning and between times before social and business engagements at which you would like to appear at your best. If you want others to like you, never, *never* omit this delightful precaution.



LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO.
St. Louis, Mo.

Before all business and social engagements let LISTERINE take care of your breath

The Editor's Page

An Open Letter
to
BETTY and CAROLE



**IN ANSWER to
THIS LETTER
from LANDIS**



Congratulations to you two smart girls!

I wish all Hollywood actresses were as intelligent, as direct and as honest as Grable and Landis in handling their careers. You may look like dizzy blondes, but there are good sets of working brains hidden under your wacky hairdos, and a lot of strength in your seemingly delicate torsos. Must be, to have taken it on the chin as you, Betty, have done ever since you danced in movie choruses; as you, Carole, have taken it since you were an extra girl. You have come a long, long way—now you're both stars, you might be excused if you displayed a little temperament on the side. But no. When silly publicity branded you "feuding" from jealousy, because you're both ambitious blondes working on the same movie lot, and lately in the same picture, you, Betty, maintained a dignified silence; you, Carole, blazed into righteous indignation and wrote the letter at right. I've great respect for you both, as working girls who have fought every inch of the way and deserve every scrap of success you have. Only—I'd hate to be in that press agent's shoes!

Delight Evans

Dear Miss Evans:

In the past few months there have been repeated references to a so-called feud between Betty Grable and myself.

Actually there is no feud between Miss Grable and me and there never has been. While I naturally wouldn't care to put anyone in the middle, I suspect that an over-zealous studio publicity man gave birth to the "feud" with the idea of grabbing off a little more space (God bless the press agents nine times out of ten—but not this one!)

Seriously, the rumors are proving not only embarrassing but harmful. They have upset me no end, and I'm sure they have upset Betty. Why not give us both a break?

Carole Landis



Intimate

LANA

ON THE SET:

I'm NOT getting married. I wish I could make people believe me when I say this. I don't *want* to be married. I'm not and I don't want to be, I'm-not-and-I-don't

Peeks into the private life of Lana offer clues as to why she's a top star today. Below, as she started: just a Sweater Girl. Brief marriage to Artie Shaw. Facing page, today: with director Mervyn LeRoy who prophesied that she would co-star with Clark Gable (in "Honky Tonk") and with Bob Taylor (in "Johnny Eager.") "Romance" with Tom Martin turned into pleasant friendship.



Pages from TURNER'S

Edited by
Gladys Hall

want-to-be! Maybe if I go around singing it, like a chorus, I'll be believed.

I don't mean I'm never going to marry again. I hope I do. But not now. Not for a long while. And the next time I marry, I'm going to try with all my might to make a go of it. I'm going to say, "This is going to be my life—or a great part of it—from now on in." My next marriage is going to work. Because *I* am going (Please turn to page 54)





BARBARA STANWYCK (STARDUST)

By

Elizabeth Wilson

More fun on the "Ball of Fire" set with Babs playing a hip-swinger and Gary a bewitched college professor—AND they get to gabbing about each other, for first time for publication!



BARBARA TALKS ABOUT



"THAT Coop will live to be a hundred and ninety-eight!" said Barbara admiringly on the set of "Ball of Fire." "As a matter of fact it wouldn't surprise me in the least if he lived to be *two* hundred and ninety-eight. He has found the secret of perfect relaxation. Anywhere, any time, he can go to sleep, at the drop of a hat. Look at him!"

I looked. Across the stage, right in the midst of cameras, sound tracks, and glaring lights, sat Hollywood's next Academy Award winner or I'll eat my hat—in a studio chair with "Bette Davis" printed on the back of it. With his (*Please turn to page 75*)

"I KNEW Barbara by her reputation," said Gary Cooper, whittling away at a piece of wood that was gradually shaping into the wing of an airplane, "long before I knew her. What a reputation Barbara has!"

Hmmm, I thought, glamor-puss Helen of Troy had a reputation too. And so did Cleopatra, the Queen of Sheba, Madame Pompadour, and that attractive Mrs. Hamilton. But I was afraid Gary

TEASES GARY COOPER!

GARY . . . AND VICE VERSA

didn't mean *that* kind of a reputation. I was right. He didn't. Worse luck.

"I've heard more wonderful things about Barbara," Coop continued in his slow drawl, "than I have about any other actress. I've worked on nearly every lot in Hollywood and I've never heard any one take a crack at her. When I used to hear all those wonderful things about her I'd think, 'Aw, they're just pouring it on. No one can be *that* nice.' But since working with her in 'Meet John Doe' and 'Ball of Fire' I have found everything I ever heard to be true. I really believe the studio people worship her. Whenever she finishes a picture the members of the crew



Top, Stanwyck in swing session with drummer Gene Krupa, who leads his band in "Ball of Fire." Lower left, Barbara is surrounded by the "7 old men" in the film.

chip in and buy her a present. That's most unusual. Presents from a crew to a star are just about as rare as hen's teeth, you know that. The boys on this picture have bought her a silver cigarette box, which they are having engraved. They are going to give it to her next week."

There was a pause. There are always pauses on Gary Cooper interviews. But when Gary stops talking it doesn't mean that you are dismissed, that he wants you to get out of his dressing room. Gary's pauses are warm and friendly. I never mind going (Please turn to page 76)

**Fictionized by
Elizabeth B.
Petersen**



"The Shanghai Gesture" is an Arnold Pressburger Production released thru United Artists. From the stage play by John Colton. Screenplay by James M. Cain. Directed by Josef von Sternberg. Turn to Page 27 for cast.



A WOMAN'S HATRED

IT IS a city where not many questions are asked, Shanghai, a city alien to the rest of China as it is alien to the rest of the world. And the woman who ruled over the great gambling palace in the international settlement was as mysterious as the city itself. None knew of her beginnings and none dared question. Even her name was lost under that palpable misnomer, Mother Gin Sling. But she did not return the favor of anonymity to others.

Gene Tierney in her most vivid role: Poppy, the girl who lost herself. Victor Mature, as the Levantine lover without a soul. Ona Munson, as the menacing Mother Gin Sling. Walter Huston, as Sir Guy Charteris. Phyllis Brooks, as the stranded chorus girl. Great cast in shocker of the season!



SHANGHAI GESTURE

There was no person in that city whose history she didn't know. That was what she lived on, the weaknesses of human beings, and there were none who escaped that appraising glance of hers.

She was still beautiful though she had passed her youth and as she walked through the great salon, past the roulette wheels and the poker and fan-tan tables, she looked like one of those fragile porcelain figurines found in curio shops, and though she spoke English with scarcely a trace of accent, that which clung so faintly to her lilt-ing tongue was Manchu, the aristocrat of native dialects. There was nothing in her to suggest the vin-



BRINGS RUIN AND DEGRADATION!

dictive woman who had lived all these long years only for revenge.

It was a strange menage she ruled over. First and the one she depended on more than any other was the handsome young Apollo, Dr. Omar. His title was self-assumed as was his poise and his fez and monocle. But the other things, his suave cruelty, his vanity, that fasci-



nation all women felt and his utter disdain for them were bred in his bone. He would sell anything he had for a price just as he would sell those things he did not have, too. His ruthlessness coupled with the smouldering good

THE SHANGHAI GESTURE



Caught in the coils of passion and sinister intrigue, Poppy (Gene Tierney) finds herself powerless against the unscrupulous fascination of Dr. Omar (Victor Mature) and the gambling den of Mother Gin Sling (Ona Munson), despite all the efforts of her father (Walter Huston) to save her from them.



DECORATIONS BY LEONARD FRANK

looks bequeathed to him by some distant Levantine ancestor made him invaluable to his mistress.

There was Percival Montgomery Howe, whose name belied his origin. For he was Chinese, this grotesquely rotund go-between or comprador as he was known in the international settlement. Then there was the renegade Englishman, Caesar Hawkins, with the mind of a first-class bookkeeper, hopelessly mixed up in everything but his figures.

Yes, it was a strange establishment, and none stranger than Mother Gin Sling herself, her face a mask as she stopped at the poker table to talk to the three members of the international colony who sat there playing cards with her comprador. They were her friends: Van Aalst, the Dutch official; De Michot, the French banker; and Jackson, the English lawyer—or as much her friends as anyone could be. But now in some unfathomable way they had become her enemies. They were there that night, not to gamble alone but to tell her that she must either close down her establishment or move into the Chinese City on the orders of the new head of the India-China Trading Company.

"Every so often Shanghai decides to clean itself like a swan in a muddy lake." Mother Gin Sling sounded amused as she motioned the dealer to cut her in on the

next hand. "I shall not move, and I certainly shall not close."

These threats to her security had happened before. She was not half as interested in this one as in deciding what she should do with the stranded chorus girl Omar had just rescued from a jail sentence as a derelict. She had caught a glimpse of the girl waiting for her as she had passed through the hall, still so pretty with her yellow hair and blue eyes in spite of the shabby clothes she was wearing, and even the runs in her shoddy silk stockings couldn't disguise the loveliness of her slender legs. She could use this Dixie Pomeroy to good advantage once she had dressed

her up in fine clothes.

"You'll be forced to close," Van Aalst said in his heavy voice and there was a difference in it which made the woman look at him sharply. "Unfortunately this is not a moral crusade, which would be easier to oppose than big business. You will have five or six weeks to make other arrangements."

There was no mistaking the man's tone. The threat was real this time. But she had faced upheavals before. She could overcome this one too. And she had five weeks in which to accomplish it. Five weeks, that meant the time the Chinese New Year would be beginning when all Shanghai would be caught in the delirium of celebrating. Much could happen during those mad days, Mother Gin Sling decided grimly.

"You've delivered the message, gentlemen," she said lightly. "I promise to think it over. Is there anything else I can do?"

She turned to leave and it was then she saw the girl sitting at one of the tables escorted by a young member of the settlement who had often been there before. Jewels sparkled around the girl's young throat, on her fingers, her slim wrists, in
(Please turn to page 77)



CAST OF

"THE SHANGHAI GESTURE":

PoppyGene Tierney
Dr. Omar ...Victor Mature
Mother Gin Sling
Ona Munson
Sir Guy Charteris
Walter Huston
Dixie Pomeroy
Phyllis Brooks



Although he vehemently denies it, the part of *Dr. Kildare* has influenced Lew Ayres' own life. Self-description: "Strictly a 9 o'clock guy with 12 o'clock yearnings!"

By
S. R.
Mook



Lew Ayres and Ann Ayars, new glamor discovery, as doctor and patient in the latest "Dr. Kildare" picture, above. At right, familiar closeup: Lew as the young doctor with Lionel Barrymore as his friend and teacher, *Dr. Gillespie*.

"WHERE'S Lew?" a mutual friend of Lew Ayres' and mine asked me once. "Search me," I replied. "He may be at home with the phone switched off or he may be in China. I wouldn't know."

Nor would anyone else. Probably less is known of Lew's off-screen activities than any other player's. It isn't that he is cagey or publicity-shy but his private doings are not of the type that cross columnists' paths and it never occurs to him to call the Publicity Department and say, "I did so-and-so. It might be worth a mention in someone's column."

The Publicity Departments of the various studios where he has worked have always been as much in the dark regarding his private life as has the public at large. For instance, not long ago Lew took a six weeks' jaunt through the backwoods of Canada, covered Alaska from one end to the other by airplane and not a soul in the studio even knew where he was, or—to date—has a word been printed about a trip that—so far as I know—no other star has ever made with the exception of the late Will Rogers!

Lew's tastes have always been as simple as his humor is abundant.

When he was a kid he played in an orchestra in the border towns between California and Mexico—mostly honky-tonk joints. Then he came to Los Angeles, worked



in a couple of "name" orchestras of that period and between the two of them got his fill of night life—the dives and the class places as well. That is why he is seldom seen in the night spots chatter writers frequent.

He gets a terrific kick out of going to previews of "important" pictures—like "Sergeant York," "Pasteur," and "Zola" but his enjoyment of the picture consists more of analyzing the technical end—the direction, photography, lighting, characterizations, etc., than in watching the plot development.

A really fine picture leaves him deeply moved—but not deeply enough to smother his wit. Once we had been to a preview. We were late (*Please turn to page 71*)

Exclusive! Kay Harris ("Tillie the Toiler") tells in her own words, in a personal letter to our Editor, just how she felt when she returned to her old home town as a movie star. How did the home folks treat her? What were her reactions to all the acclaim, from the Mayor to her old schoolmates? It's the experience of a lifetime, and we think you'll want to read Kay's letter which will give you new faith in the future of the "typical American girl"—if you need reassurance

Elkhorn, Wisc.

DEAR MISS EVANS:

You can't imagine my surprise when a friend called me one day to say that there was a write-up about me in SCREENLAND. Of course, we rushed right down to the drug store and were so thrilled to find it was an "open letter" from you. I just can't express in words how excited

Kay Harris with her father, mother, young sister and brother attend world premiere of her first picture, "Tillie the Toiler," in her home town theater (above). Kay's all set to make more "Tillie" films.



HOME TOWN GIRL



Greeted by the Mayor, above. Giving autographs to the home town kids, below. And Kay Harris was frankly thrilled with it all. Hollywood success can't spoil an American girl who can grin like this!



PREMIERE SHOWING KAY HARRIS "TILLIE THE TOILER"

She was born in Elkhorn, Wisconsin; grew up, went to kindergarten, grammar school and high school; helped "Mom" with the house work; teased her younger brother and sister; looked up to "Pop." Then, being an ambitious youngster, she wanted to try her wings—so she went job-hunting and eventually landed as a secretary in a Cincinnati broadcasting station. The O. Henry touch: a director looking for a "new face" spotted her. Result: a film contract to be "Tillie the Toiler."

we were and have been about that entire page devoted to "Tillie."

I would have written this at the time but it just seems that everyone here at the house has been so busy ever since I arrived home. I have been having a lot of work done on my teeth. Then, too, housework (*Please turn to page 60*)

MAKES GOOD!



Mother pretties up her movie-star daughter for big premiere. Below, reunion with high school chums. Right, surrounded by flowers—and, right below, by the "Tillie the Toiler" movie company.





MRS. MARSHALL Gives the LOWDOWN on "BART"

IT WAS in 1934 that Lee Russell discovered Herbert Marshall. There he was up on the screen making love to Greta Garbo, in a picture called "The Painted Veil." The most handsome man she had ever seen. Well, maybe not handsome—after all, she didn't like handsome men—they were always conceited. Fine-looking, that was kind. Kind, sympathetic eyes that looked as if they had been to hell and back. And a voice like a cello. "This is it," said Lee. "That's for me."

Lee recalls that she sat through the picture twice. Much to her escort's annoyance. And that when he said, "Herbert Marshall is just another ham" over the tomato bisquit at "21" she said, "I never want to see you again," and walked out on a most beautiful filet mignon with mushrooms. She recalls also that she followed the picture around town, seeing it four times before it reached the Bronx. By then she had decided that she would marry Herbert Marshall.

"While I was following the picture around," said Lee, "I bought every fan magazine on the newsstands. I read every word I could find printed about Bart. And I must say he sounded as if he would be as dull as ditch water. Like all Americans, and Lee is a typical American girl, she assumed that the British were a bit on the stuffy side."

Photographs by Gene Lester exclusive to SCREENLAND.



If you still think Herbert Marshall is "stuffy," you'll change your mind when you read what his wife says about him!

**By
Liza**

But that didn't discourage her in the least.

Now it isn't the easiest thing in the world, as you have probably suspected, for a girl to land a movie star. Even though she's a chic Bergdorf Goodman model. Even though she's as beautiful as all get-out. Even though she's a complete contradiction to that old saw about the beautiful being dumb. But Lee is an optimistic soul. As a child in Cragmore, New York, she had had the Cinderella story stuffed down her throat. And it had left its mark.

Sure enough, soon afterwards, Fate, in the disguise of a talent scout, presented her with a contract as a stock player at the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Hollywood. It was at a greatly reduced salary, but at least she could breathe the same air as her Dream Prince. And then she got a terrific jolt. She discovered to her horror that Bart was being



Tom Kelley

At home with Herbert Marshall—and the fair lady who's his wife, and who gives such a revealing closeup of the actor in our story. Above, the Marshalls in their library with its collection of autographed portraits of their star friends. Below, "Bart" bar-tending. Other home pictures, all exclusive.

romanced by Hollywood's (then) Number One Glamor Girl—Gloria Swanson. And Gloria was stiff competition in any language.

Well, anyway, time marched (*Please turn to page 64*)



HERE is no point in opening this little Rhapsody in Blonde by saying that if it weren't for Errol Flynn a party named Alexis Smith would right this minute be carrying on, chin up, as a lowly Warner stock girl, seventy-five dollars a week and bound no place in particular.

Under ordinary circumstances Mr. Flynn's rôle in this success story would be that of champion of the oppressed and the beautiful which, as you know from seeing him rescue countless maidens resembling Olivia de Havilland on the screen, is really second nature with him. What Mr. Flynn really did was to go into a huddle with Director Mike Curtiz about a week after "Dive Bomber," presumably an all-male epic, had gone into production and offer the suggestion: "Look here, old boy, don't you suppose this thing could stand a bit of livening up?" (Mark

you, this may not be Mr. Flynn word for word but it is in the general direction.)

"What could you be meaning?" Mr. Curtiz is alleged to have inquired, according to sworn witnesses.

"A love interest, shall we say?"

"My dear Mr. Flynn, this is an epic glorifying the air arm."

Mr. Flynn: "A minor love interest, perhaps?"

Mr. Curtiz: (Frostily) "Any suggestions?"

Did Mr. Flynn have any suggestions? What a question! With no more effort than it takes him to run a blade through Basil Rathbone, Mr. F. whipped up a "minor love interest," dialogue and all. Mr. Curtiz read, approved, and lit out immediately for the office of Hal Wallis, the Warner grand mufti, to get his official okay.

"She ought to be tall, blonde, and electric, I should

Rhapsody IN BLONDE



If you first met Alexis Smith as the devastating blonde with Errol Flynn and Fred MacMurray in "Dive Bomber," you'll want to catch up with her in her latest film, "Steel Against the Sky," with Craig Stevens (above).

So many Smiths—but only one Alexis. You'll see why she's in the spotlight when you read this

By

John R. Franchey

think," Mr. F. is said to have said just before Mr. Curtiz took off.

Cut to Stage 11 where an assistant to Director Lloyd Bacon, in charge of "Navy Blues," is rehearsing six delicious cuties in a hot vocal number. The girls are in the groove, as they say, when a courier arrives, points to the third girl from the left and says: "You, please! Will you come this way?"

"There goes (Please turn to page 62)

YOO-HOO!
I'M
SOMEBODY
NEW!

Yes, we're glad 'to greet you, Donna Drake. Furthermore, we freely predict, after watching your pert performance in "Aloma of the South Seas," that you'll be all set for stardom after your featured appearance in the forthcoming "Louisiana Purchase." P.S. Donna Drake used to be known as Rita Rio when she led her own girls' band, before Dorothy Lamour induced Paramount to give her a movie break.

P.P.S. Donna can dance, too.



WE
PREDICT—

And you can't stop us — we repeat, we predict that after his new film, the tough, melodramatic "Johnny Eager," Robert Taylor will be facing a new film career so brilliant as to make the old, romantic-only Taylor look like an extra boy. All right, so we're leading with our chin — but just watch!

Virgil Arger, M-G-M

WHO
AM I?

a new beauty,
ardner, snatched
S.M talent scouts
aw your picture
ew York photog-
t's window. If
ovie camera is
kind as the por-
tographer's to
altry beauty, you
et find yourself
opposite the
ome gent on the
opposite, and at
isn't it exciting
Mickey Rooney's
Number One!



GLAMOR MAN

Inspired by Vera Zorina, his co-star in "Louisiana Purchase," Bob Hope presents his brand new personality — dashing, romantic, debonair — and Vic Mature had better look out



Bob has been the timid suitor long enough. Now he tries the indifference technique, with gratifying results if these closeups with Zorina mean what they seem to. Watch for the "New Bob Hope" in "Louisiana Purchase," and don't say we didn't warn you.



Dancing
photo-
graphs of
Zorina by
Eugene
Robert
Richee, Para-
mount. Other
pictures by
Malcolm
Bullock.

The dream of every
man—to have Zo-
rina dance just for
him—is apparently
realized here by
the hopeful Bob



THE LADIES in his LIFE



Clarence S. Bull, M-G-M

If Robert Young looks bewitched and bewildered in the picture above, who can blame him—torn between loyalty to his wife, Ruth Hussey, and adoration of “the other woman,” Hedy Lamarr, in “H. M. Pulham, Esq.,” screen version of J. P. Marquand’s famous book about a bemused Bostonian. Right, he’s all, understandably, Hedy’s.



Was This the Face that Launch'd a Thousand— QUIPS? UH-HUH!

Apologies, Marlowe. Apologies, Miss Lamarr. But as you know very well, Hedy, you've been the synonym for feminine loveliness ever since "Algiers"—and the pet target of every buffoon from Fred Allen to Buck Benny, or vice versa. We believe, honestly, they'll honor your acting in "H. M. Pulham, Esq."—though they can't forget your unique beauty, ever



GOOD EVENING!



No sleepy-time yawns when Loretta Young slinks across the screen in "Bedtime Story" wearing these so-dazzling costumes

Opulent evening: starring a beautiful girl, a gorgeous gown designed by Irene. Scalloped tunic and trailing scalloped skirt, with rich all-over pattern of gold sequins and beads.



Dreamy evening, and dinner at home: Loretta's emerald-colored jersey gown is slim in silhouette, draped at the hips, with front fullness, dolman sleeves, and brilliant "jewels" of necklace, clips, earrings and ring.

THE NIGHT IS YOUNG!

The name Lovers' the
goes from the night to
in her latest model. Red
and blue. When she
wears the From March.
When the young lady
picks in the white garden
with its white flowers and
crimson with thistles,
that makes the night more





It was a lovely evening, wasn't it? Glistening and glamorous as the gown Loretta wears here, of gray-blue satin draped to her slim figure. Note: the dolman sleeves in one piece with the bodice, the looped fringe at the hipline, the fabulous jewels.



Photograph
by
Coburn
Korda
United Art

THE MOST STRIKING STILLS
of the MONTH
are from "THE JUNGLE BOOK"



Kipling's classic comes to the screen with Sabu, young star of "Elephant Boy" and "Thief of Bagdad," as Mowgli, the boy who was carried off into the jungle and reared by wild animals, learning to talk their language and understand their ways as no human had ever done before. His adventures make a movie to enthrall young and old alike



DANGER!

George Sanders, dashing personification of menace, cracks the whip of terror in "Son of Fury," new film which stars Tyrone Power but is sure to be "stolen" by the ruthless Mr. Sanders (his fans say).



DEFIANCE!

Your favorite "Blondie" (Penny Singleton) defies her fans by turning fire-brand and red-head in "Go West, Young Lady," a costume piece. But she'll be back in character in her next, "Blondie Goes to College."

James Cagney



Welbourn
Warner

KID CAGNEY

You can have your 'andsome 'eroes, those streamlined newcomers; we'll stick to Cagney, who has never failed to give a rousing performance since "Public Enemy." His next, "Captains of the Clouds."

COLLEEN IN CLOVER



By
Ida
Zeitlin

Life begins at twenty-one for lovely Maureen O'Hara. As an actress, she's hit at last in "How Green Was My Valley," after three years of bad breaks. As a girl, she has found romance and announced her engagement

You may think "How Green Was My Valley" is Maureen O'Hara's first picture—because, while she's been in the movies for three years, she has never before been seen in an important rôle. Now, as *Angharad* in John Ford's mighty film, she really comes into her own.

MAUREEN O'HARA ringed two recent dates on her calendar in red. On October 28th "How Green Was My Valley" opened. On November 8th she announced her engagement to Will Price. Life opens new vistas at twenty-one.

Plenty of moviegoers labor under the delusion that "Valley" is her first picture. Tell them she's been in the movies for three years, and they won't believe you. That's a face I couldn't forget." Maybe you've never seen it. "Jamaica Inn" had a limited distribution. In "Hunchback" she was lost behind Laughton and spectacle. "A Bill of Divorcement," second version, was a box-office flop. A couple of Bs rounded out the tale till the cute director, John Ford, put the finger on her. Under his magic she was re-introduced to the public in one of the year's best pictures, and acclaimed a flower, a vision, a poem. Better than that, the flower gave out with a performance to wring the heart. Ford calls her Hollywood's best young dramatic actress. At RKO, where they'd been hiding her under a bushel, faces turned red.

For a year and a half she'd been begging for decent parts. "Anything—I don't care what—just give me a test!" They brushed her off, they said something was coming up, they said sure, kid, take it easy. (Don't ask me why, it's a secret studios lock in their bosoms). She saw other young actresses get the breaks, and herself passed by. She reached a pitch of despair where she was about ready to throw in the towel, to break her contract, to collapse against the stone wall of indifference and howl like a baby wolf.

To make matters worse, she'd caught a whiff of "How Green Was My Valley." John Ford was her professional idol, to work with him the goal of her dreams. "Look," she told her agent, "if it's just a line, if it's only to carry a spear, get me a part in that picture or die." The picture was postponed and postponed again. A year went by. "They'll never make it," wailed Maureen. "If they do, I'll never get a part. If I do, I'll break a leg the day they start shooting. Nothing good's ever going to happen to me again."

(Please turn to page 73).

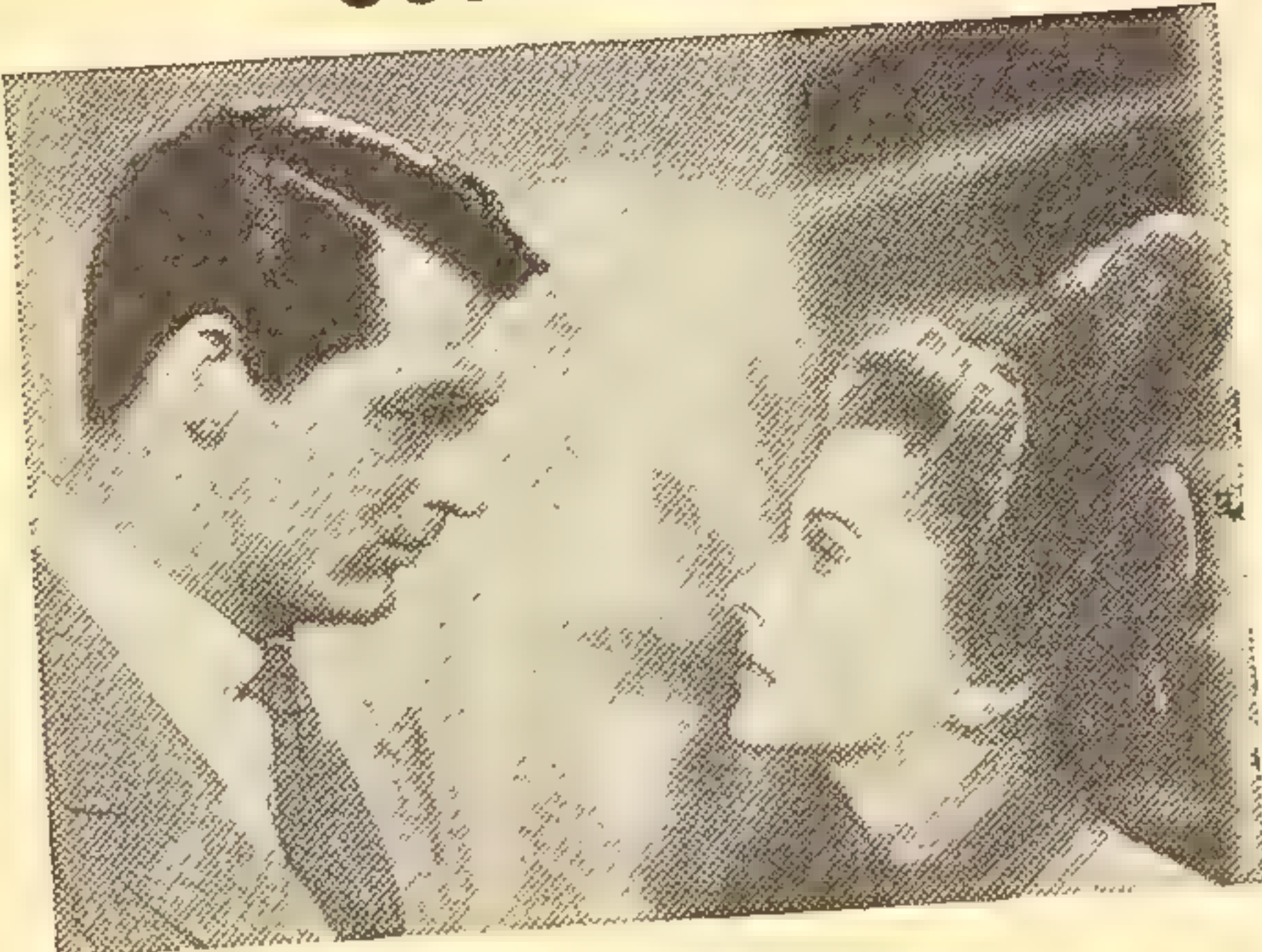


Your GUIDE *at a* GLANCE

SELECTED BY

Pick your pictures here and guarantee yourself good entertainment without loss of time and money

"SUSPICION"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
SUSPENSE!

APPEAL: How can you miss the latest Hitchcock mystery especially with the new team of Cary Grant and Joan ("Rebecca") Fontaine? Answer: you can't miss.

PLOT: From the much-talked-about book, "Before The Fact," by Francis Iles, about an irresponsible fellow who charms his way through life without ever paying the check, in fact, assumption is he'd stop at nothing short of murder—and you're not even sure about that before Director Hitchcock is through baffling you. He marries naïve heiress who adores him even though she suspects the worst. The climax can't possibly convince you especially if you've read the book—but you wouldn't have it any other way, since Cary and Joan make such a grand team they shouldn't be parted even by a realistic ending. You're in for chills and thrills.

ACTING: It isn't another "Rebecca" for fair Fontaine but that isn't her fault, since the rôle demands less of her talents though her fragile loveliness shines through. Cary couldn't be better as the irresistible scamp who gives every sign of reformation before the final fadeout. Nigel Bruce and Auriol Lee give outstanding performances and even the bits are brilliant in the knowing Hitchcock manner.

RKO-Radio

"SUNDOWN"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
THRILLER!

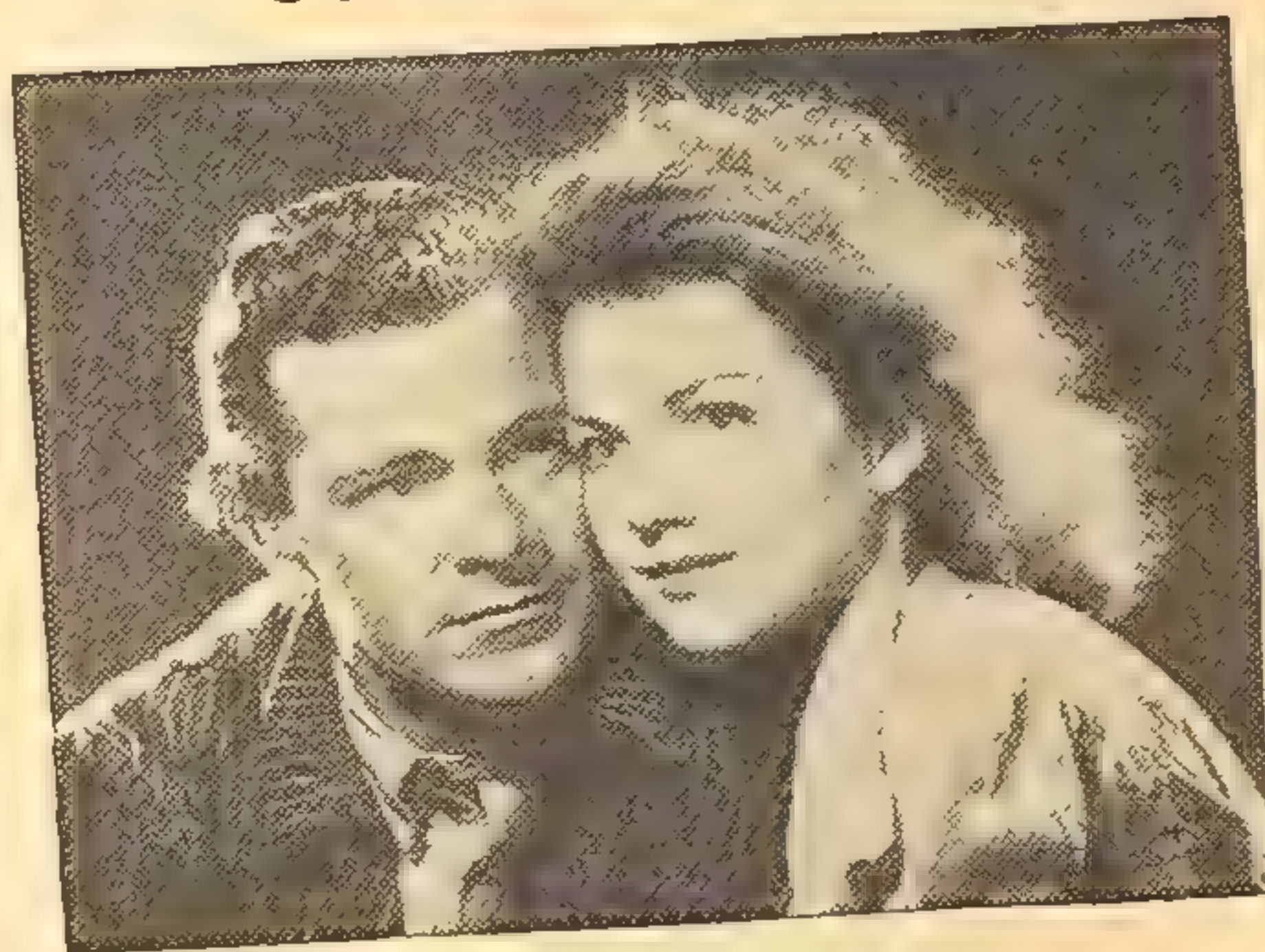
APPEAL: If you like action and plenty of it, and aren't particular as to what all the shooting's for, here's your super-duper dish of celluloid.

PLOT: Intrigue in deepest Africa, crawling with conniving natives, Nazi spies, six white men at the British outpost, and—Zia, woman of mystery who is leading a caravan into the lonely desert. When Hammud, an Arab trader who is as lowdown a villain as any bad Indian in a Western, swears: "One of six white men will die at Manieka," the action is on—bang, bang, bang—and never lets down until the wicked natives are repulsed, Zia is rescued from the dastardly enemy by stalwart British commissioner, the forthright Major Coombes polishes off the spy, and the mystery woman is unmasked as a lovely white girl in disguise.

ACTING: George Sanders strides through the film as though he owned it, which he does, practically, since he delivers the best performance as the noble Major—he has the juiciest part and the juiciest scene—a long, lingering death scene which would be the high spot if it didn't deprive us Sanders fans of our favorite for the rest of the picture. Gene Tierney is an eyeful in her costumes, though no earful. Joseph Calleia is excellent.

Walter Wanger-United Artists

"SWAMP WATER"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:
REFRESHING!

APPEAL: For you who crave a change from melodramas and marital comedies—you'll welcome the fresh locale, the new director and new faces to be found here.

PLOT: From *The Saturday Evening Post* story of the Okefenokee swamp folk of Georgia—men and women whose lives are bounded by the miles of marsh and cypress filled with alligators and cottonmouths, but whose emotions make them as real as your next-door neighbors in New York or Kansas City. For the first Hollywood film of celebrated French director Jean Renoir (son of the great painter) this would seem a strange setting; but because M. Renoir is a true artist he treats his theme with imagination and understanding, makes his characters live, paints fine pictures of the swamp lands with inspired camera. Oh, yes—romance, drama, too.

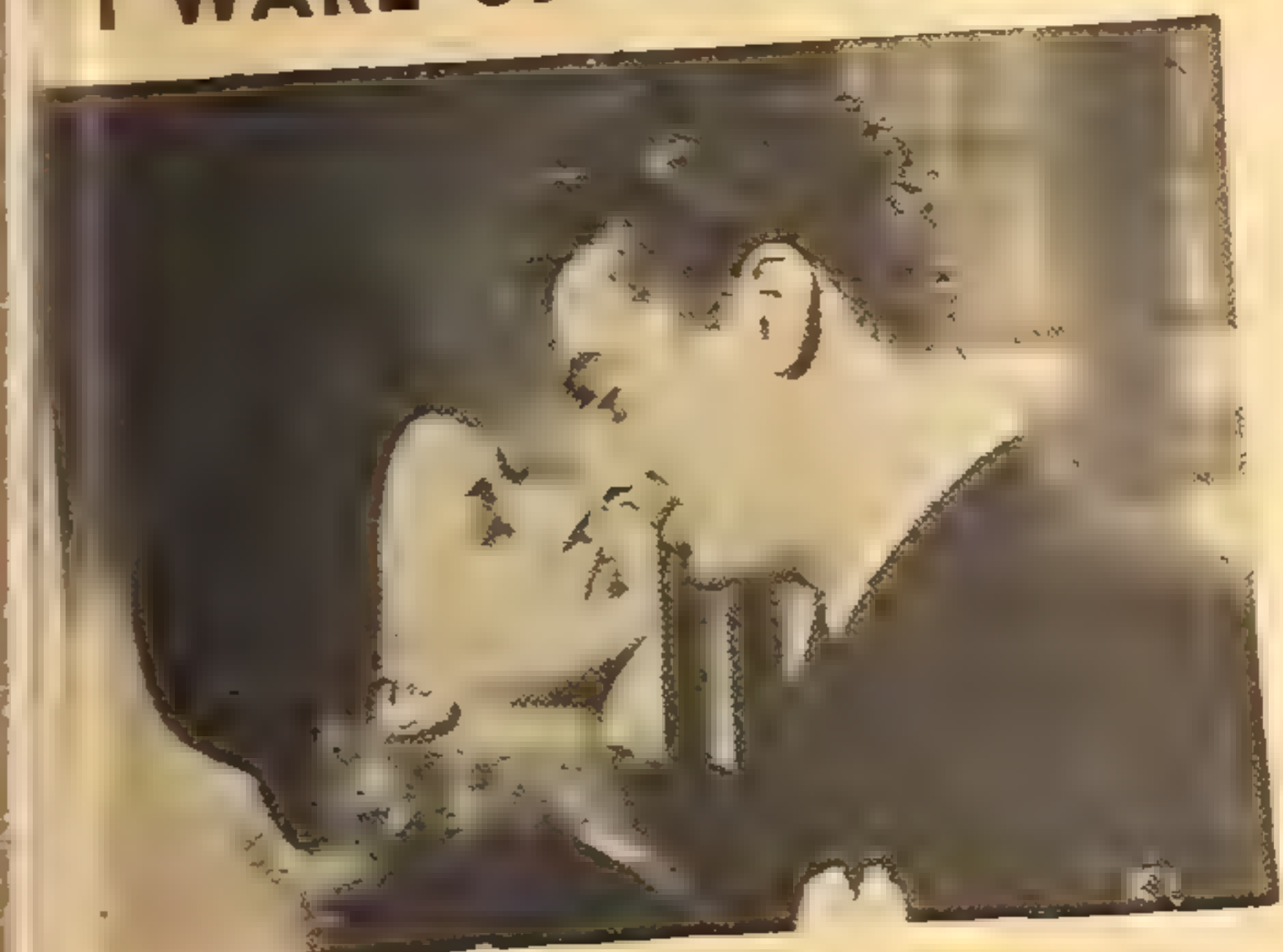
ACTING: Notable for another splendid performance by veteran Walter Brennan, as the "lost man" of the swamps who is brought back to solid ground again by the young hunter who loves his daughter. Also for the début of Anne Baxter, a lyrical youngster who'll be heard from; and for the appealing personality and sincerity of young Dana Andrews; and for the usual robust acting of Walter Huston. Mary Howard, John Carradine, Virginia Gilmore good, too.

20th Century-Fox

to the BEST CURRENT PICTURES

Delight Evans

"I WAKE UP SCREAMING"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

DRAMATIC!

APPEAL: Wish you could find a good mystery worked out by top-notch performers instead of second-raters? Watch for this one!

PLOT: The film version of Steve Fisher's novel. When Vicky Lynn is murdered, the promoter who changed her from a hash-slinger to a movie Glamor Gal is suspected. But he's not the only suspect—practically everybody looks guilty, including the victim's sister, an actor, a columnist, and even the apartment house switchboard operator, but a detective is over-anxious to pin it on the promoter. No fair telling who turns out to be the real murderer or the suspense will be lost. Credit goes to Director H. Bruce Humberstone for the manner in which the excitement is sustained in view of the many events and clues leading up to "whodunit."

ACTING: With the exception of Laird Cregar, whose performance as the detective is a masterpiece, the stars in this cast are usually seen in musicals or romantic films, but all are surprisingly good in their strictly dramatic parts here. Victor Mature, fine as the promoter who's given the third degree and who loves Jill, the murdered girl's sister, a rôle played to perfection by Betty Grable. Carole Landis, good as the waitress-turned-glamor-girl who is killed, but is kept on the screen by clever handling of flashbacks.

20th Century-Fox

"H. M. PULHAM, ESQ."



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

INTERESTING!

APPEAL: Readers of J. P. Marquand's novel will flock to see this, and they will not be disappointed, for it is a literal translation of the best-seller.

PLOT: Life as lived by a Back Bay Bostonite, who tried to break away from tradition but did not succeed, despite World War I, and business and amorous adventures in New York City. Though a deep love affair with a glamorous business girl almost sidetracks him, nevertheless he returns to his native haunts, marries the conventional girl of his own social circle, raises a family—until a Harvard reunion causes him to look back and reminisce about his past. King Vidor has directed with as much skill and care as Marquand imparted to his original story. The result is engrossing, dignified, and often a bit dull. But then *Pulham* was a pretty dull fellow.

ACTING: Robert Young in the title rôle gives what is called a "sterling" performance: he is *H. M. Pulham, Esq.*, all right—hence on the staid and stuffy side. Don't blame Bob; he is being a good actor. Ruth Hussey is just right as the "right" sort of wife. As a "typical American business girl" Hedy Lamarr is obviously miscast but here again it is no fault of the player's, since she is poignant and appealing, as well as merely gorgeous, in the difficult part.

M-G-M

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON"



ONE-WORD GUIDE:

EPIC!

APPEAL: You liked "Dodge City," "Sante Fe Trail"—the box office said. So here's Errol Flynn's latest, loudest, and best—Custer's Last Stand.

PLOT: Two hours and 20 minutes of the career of General Custer, U. S. Cavalry—a lot of picture, but most of it action-crammed, so no complaints. Director Raoul Walsh has swept the story along at a furious pace, with few dull moments from Custer's early days at West Point to the climax, the famous massacre at Little Big Horn, when the gallant General and a third of his command fell fighting the Sioux Indians. It is a cherished chapter of American history retold with drama and gusto, and American youth will watch it spellbound, though a few oldsters may carp at inaccuracies. But the spirit is there.

ACTING: Errol Flynn in a new uniform, seemingly more impressed with his rôle than usual—at any rate, he is less the handsome hero than the conscientious actor trying to convey an important character, and it seems to me he succeeds admirably. His is an impressive figure in buckskins, as Olivia de Havilland's is a luscious one in her romantic costumes. Miss de Havilland is no stock heroine here; she plays with as much gusto as Flynn himself, and her scenes with Hattie (remember "Gone With the Wind") McDaniel are memorable.

Warner Bros.

Intimate Pages from LANA TURNER'S

Continued from page 21

to work at it, and *hard*. But now I have other work to do. My screen work. It takes all my time, energies and thoughts. That's why *I'm-not-and-don't-want-to-be-married*.

I know very well it is absurd to make predictions about emotional matters. It's funny, but you don't know what your heart will do. I may go out and meet HIM this very evening, for all my fine words. But if I should, if I do—I think I would wait until tomorrow morning!

Moonlight can't bewitch me any more. I know, now, that we always wake up from dreams.



IN THE BOOTH AT THE HAIRDRESSER'S:

... a friend of mine told me today that he feels sorry for me. I didn't tell him that I feel sorry for myself, too. He wouldn't believe me. Why should he? I asked him why he feels sorry for me. He said, ha laughing but I think he was also earnest, "Because they are calling



you the 'Hottest Thing In Town'. I said, "Who, ME?" He said, "Yes." He said, "After 'Ziegfeld Girl,' 'Jekyll and Hyde,' 'Honky Tonk' and now, 'Johnny Eager' you just about hold Hollywood in the palm of your hand. And Hollywood is a combustible bauld to hold in the naked hand. It explodes. It can burn, badly. It—"

I held my hands over my ears at this point. I said, "Look, stop a minute. I don't want to be told anything like this. I don't want to hear it, read it or see it. I don't want to feel it's so. I don't want any part of it."

I meant it, too. I know it is dangerous. Or could be. That's why I want to be deaf, dumb, and blind to any such ballyhoo and build-up. I'm afraid of praise. I'm spoiled. Who isn't? Praise is like poison. Like poison put in candy. The most dangerous kind. You don't know it is poison until it kills you.

I want to keep working as hard as I'm physically and mentally able to. I've worked hard already. Especially in these past two years. I didn't work hard the first two years I was in pictures, I admit it.

In "Johnny Eager" Lana Turner plays a débutante in love with a gangster, enacted by Robert Taylor. New film gives both stars big opportunity for real dramatics. See scene at top. At left, Lana's colorful rôle in "Honky Tonk" established her as one of Hollywood's important stars. Above, only glamorous girls like Lana receive lavish gifts of flowers at the studio on first day of a new picture.

thought it was all a clambake and pretty soon it would be time to go home. I came to the studio and did scenes like they told me to. But my mind was only about one-eighth on what I was doing. The rest of it was wondering where I would go that night, to what night-club, and with whom, what I would wear, whether my favorite dress had come back from the cleaner's, how I'd do my hair. Not now.

Next day, I go to work again. I still see the same people I saw four years ago. Clark Gable, Robert Taylor, Joan Crawford, Spencer Tracy, Director Mervyn LeRoy, Victor Fleming, George Cukor. All the M-G-M folks. They're still going to work, too, getting their money and going home again.

I still like the same people I liked four years ago. I haven't made many new friends. I'm the small-group



before she took her work seriously, Lana obligingly posed for publicity pictures such as the drum majorette, lower right. Contrast this pose with dignity of full-length portrait on facing page. The giddy little girl has grown up since the days when she strutted with Artie Shaw, with whom she later eloped. Above, conclusive evidence of acting ability, with Spencer Tracy in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde."

Now I know that it's because I've worked hard that I've had good luck and some good stories. Now I know when I stop working hard, physically and mentally, I'll stop having the good luck and the good stories. And when I stop having the good luck and the good stories, they'll stop giving me the build-up and the hallyhoo. That's the way Hollywood is. And I'm no exception. And don't think I don't know it!

And another thing I've learned: No one can really do anything for you but *you*. Here I am, with an enormous major studio back of me. They gave me every opportunity, all the breaks, terrific publicity. They advised me about everything from the kind of shoes I wore to the kind of words I said. But opportunity isn't much good, doesn't last, *unless you use it*. And until I began to pitch it and go to work, I wasn't much more than a piece of dime-a-dozen bric-a-brac. And would have lasted about that long.

SITTING IN THE PATIO:

This sounds very funny, I guess. But I don't feel any different now than I did four years ago. I go to work. I get my money. I go home.

type. And I haven't begun to talk with an "oh-my-darling" accent. I haven't got to the point where I have my lunches served, solo, in my dressing rooms. I don't like to be by myself. I like to be where people are, like things going on around me. It's cosier. I still study my scripts, at home, with the radio going full blast. I don't worry about "dieting," either. I mean, I still eat candy in bed, every night of my life, I like chili, chocolate malts and chocolate cake. Also sandwiches. I haven't gone in for facials, not even for a load of those fancy cold creams and stuff. I just wash my face with soap and water like I did when I was a kid and they called me "Carrots."

IN MY BEDROOM, AT HOME:

This is our first night in our own home for Mother and me. It's a Red Letter Day, bright red. It's a swell feeling, having your own home, your very first own home, that you've bought with your own money. Someone said to me the other day, "Well, I hear you've gone for one of those ritzy Bel Air mansions, Lana." They better not put that in a magazine! Because it isn't in Bel Air, it's in



Westwood. And it isn't a grand and luxurious mansion. It's just the most wonderful, little modest house. It's everything I ever dreamed of in a house. It's all one story, one of those white rambling kind set on an acre and a half of ground.

It's fun furnishing it. It's about the most fun I've ever had. Every time a new lamp comes, or a new rug, Mother and I just sit and stare at it, sort of gloating and purring. It's a nice, solid little house, was built by a family from the middle-West. And they really know how to build houses, those middle-Westerners. They don't build for show. They use the best of everything, the best woods, substantial, weather-proof, snug, built to last several life-times.

That's the way I'd like to build my life. Nothing flimsy. *Solid*.

ON THE SET:

I hope I never get to be one of those stars, like one I saw today, who start believing every story they do. I hope I always realize that a picture is something that goes into a silver can and people pay thirty-five cents to see it. When a picture is done, it is finished. When I've played a part, it is finished. I've told my mother what she can do to me if she ever catches me doing any off-stage acting!

Some well-meaning individual said to me the other day, "You can demand pretty nearly anything you want from Hollywood now—and get it." But I don't want anything more than I have now. And I don't "demand." I'm not the type. I can honestly say that I have never demanded anything from anybody. I was told, "You could be a Problem Child and not get spanked." But I am not going to be a Problem Child. I am *not* a child any more. I'm twenty-one. And things have happened to me so fast, that I have lived twice my twenty-one years. Besides, I don't believe in temperament. I believe almost all things can be handled with a smile.

I believe you can pay too high a price for anything, no matter what. I don't intend to pay too high a price for what I have. And for my money, too high a price would be if I have to be something I'm *not*!

IN THE PATIO:

It was suggested to me that I could go veddy, veddy social if I wanted. I *don't* want! That's not my kind of people. Never will be. I don't go to house-parties or to dinner-parties now, any more than I ever did. I don't go out with more than four people. Usually with Judy Garland and Dave Rose and whoever my date may be—perhaps Roger Pryor, or Jimmy Stewart or Dan Dailey or, maybe, Tony.

I don't like gossip. I don't want any part of that, either. So I don't gossip. Because if I say something about somebody, they're going to say something about me.

I hope people don't know it, but I'm thin-skinned. I admit it, here. I'm very vulnerable. I'm easily hurt. I DO care what people say about me. "Names" can bruise me, worse than "sticks and stones." I know it's supposed to be part of this business to get hurt and pretend you don't feel it. But I'm not much of an actress, off the set anyway. I say what I think and show what I feel, can't help it. I *have* been hurt, here in Hollywood, and badly. But no one would believe I have any reason to feel sorry for myself. The time hasn't come, yet, for me to talk about that. People would laugh at me, would want to know where I get off, talking about being "hurt." But I *can* talk about it! And one of these days, I will!

AT HOME, IN BED:

I *wish* people would stop asking me about Tony Martin and me! I wish *some* of

my business could be my own business. It's embarrassing to tell the truth because it sounds so corny to say we're "Just Friends." But corny or not, there it is. That's the way it is. He's a nice, wonderful chap and I still go out with him, occasionally, but we are NOT "going steady" anymore, it IS over so far as Romance is concerned. I do have other dates.

ON THE SET:

I was an awful icky four years ago. I've just been sitting here thinking about what an icky I was. May still be. But at least I'm conscious, now, of what goes on around me. I do read good books. I see good plays. I listen to good music. I stick to my resolve to learn at least one new thing every day.

It seems to me that not only have my eyes and ears opened but something even deeper. Like the other day I was looking at a beautiful Duncan Phyfe cabinet. As I looked at it, I found myself wondering what kind of a man Duncan Phyfe was and what he was thinking about when he made it. I never used to think things like that. Why, four years ago I would have thought Duncan Phyfe was a musical instrument, hut sut!

Maybe it's just as we grow older, we learn to think about other people, to care about them and wonder about them. I began to feel this way, I think, when I really began to care about the parts I play. When I really wanted to understand the girl I was supposed to be, wanted to get inside her heart and mind and all.

I used always to say, "What does he look like?" or "What does she look like?" Now I find myself saying, "What is he like?" There is a big difference.

I have learned to take my time. I think, maybe, that is the biggest, most important lesson I've learned in the past six months. I sit down, now, and think, "Do I want this thing? Is it good for me?" Always before, when I wanted to do something, bang, I'd do it! No more. "Garbo Laughs!" Huh, why doesn't someone get out four sheets, "Turner Thinks!"

ON THE BEACH:

The others have gone in the water. Dan Dailey is a good swimmer. Judy looks swell with her hair dark, I like it. Wonder how I'd look as a brunette—?

I was just thinking I don't regret anything I've done. Even though, at times, it was almost Curtains for me!

I don't regret any of the silly things I've done or any of the mistakes I've made because I HAD to do them and make them. And because I have learned so much from them. I'm the kind of person that can't be told anything. If someone says "Don't go in the water, it's freezing," I don't believe it until I go in and freeze. I have to do it the hard way. But I have also learned that the first time you do a fool thing, you can call it a mistake. The second time you do it, it's your own fault, there is no alibi, and you can only call yourself a fool.

IN MY DRESSING ROOM:

I just saw an old-time star go by. It gave me the shudders to see her. I know when I'll quit. When I am as high as I can possibly go, not one minute before or one minute after. I'll know when I've had enough. I wonder why they don't quit, can't seem to quit? I think it's that rolling into the studio in that beautiful, black car. They can't let it go. *I'll let it go*. There are too many things I want in life, in my life, to hang on to anything when it has begun to fade.

IN BED:

I was asked today whether I am frightfully ambitious. I said that I am—but only

so far as my work is concerned. I do want to be a Great Actress someday. I want it awfully. I think it will be particularly thrilling for me, if I am, because no one except Mr. Mayer and Mervyn LeRoy, expected I would or could be, at first.

I know what people thought about me. A "hot little number" they said, "a crazy kid." "A cutie with curves who might be decorative, spotted here and there, but who can never "carry" a picture, on account of she hasn't the stability." They didn't expect I'd ever knuckle down and work. They were kind of afraid of me. Scared of what I would do or say.

So, yes, it is important to me to make good at my job. I *am* ambitious to become a Great Actress. I don't want to be known as the "Hottest Thing in Town." I don't want to be known as a Glamor Girl, Sweater Girl. I want to be known as someone who commands, and deserves, the same kind of respect Helen Hayes gets, Katharine Cornell, Bette Davis, Hepburn.

But then I ask myself, "Is it more important to you than anything else?" and the answer to that is "NO."

"Well," I say, "what is it, then?" and I have to confess I don't know. I can't put a name to it. I can only explain it, even to myself, by saying that it is something that has been important to me all my life—*finding happiness*.

I haven't found happiness yet. And I don't know where to find it—yet. I don't even know where to look for it. Because I don't know what it is, a person, a place, a thing, a job—

I ask myself, "Is it love you mean?" and the honest answer is, "I don't think so." *don't* think so, either. I'm in no hurry at all for love.

I get some very strange thoughts sometimes. I don't want to sound ridiculous. I certainly don't want to sound ungrateful, I appreciate all the studio has done for me, the pictures I've had, the help they've all given me, Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy and Bob Taylor and even one I've worked with. I appreciate the fact the money I earn, the things it enables me to do. I want to pay back for all this, I'm doing my best in everything. But I feel, know—*this isn't my life-work!*

I don't know what it is, either, yet. Perhaps there, in whatever it is, is the happiness I want. There is a hazy something so far, and that's all, a kind of fog that will someday clear away, and when it does—

I don't know where I'm going, that about it—and it's kind of exciting not to know where you are going—I only know it isn't—here.



Love comes to Lou. This scene with Marjorie Raye is from the latest Bud Abbott & Lou Costello picture, "Keep 'Em Flyin'" which is guaranteed to keep you laughing.

NEW YORK-TEXAS ROMANCE

Eugenia Loughlin's engagement to S. Gail Borden Tennant of Houston (pictured together at right) has stirred far-reaching interest. This beautiful Pond's Bride-to-Be will be married this winter, after her fiancé completes his officer's training at Fort Riley.



HER STAR-SAPPHIRE



Engagement Ring. The platinum and baguette diamond setting was designed by her fiancé. "I guess Borden and I made over a hundred sketches for it," she says.

Exquisite EUGENIA J. LOUGHLIN

She's ENGAGED!
She's Lovely!
She uses Pond's!

See how her **SOFT-SMOOTH**
Glamour Care will help your skin

1. Eugenia SLATHERS Pond's Cold Cream *thick* over her lovely face and throat. Pats it on briskly with quick little upward pats. This softens dirt and old make-up. Then she tissues off the cream. "I adore the cool, clean feel Pond's gives my face," she says.

2. Eugenia RINSES with *lots more* Pond's. Tissues off the cream again. This *second time* helps clean off every little smitch of soil, leave her fine-textured skin flower-soft.

You'll love Eugenia's **SOFT-SMOOTH** Glamour Care with Pond's Cold Cream.

Use it *every night*—and for daytime clean-ups.

See your skin look softer, smoother, prettier.

You'll know then why so many *more women and girls* use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Buy a jar today—at any beauty counter. Five popular-priced sizes. The most economical—the lovely *big jars*.

Another POND'S Bride-to-Be!

Lovely-to-look-at Eugenia Loughlin met her fiancé at a party in Houston when she was visiting there. Four days later they considered themselves engaged! Eugenia has a true **SOFT-SMOOTH** Pond's complexion—fresh, sweet, pink and white as apple blossoms! "I'm absolutely devoted to Pond's Cold Cream," she says. "It keeps my skin feeling so soft and clean."

It's no accident so many lovely engaged girls use Pond's!



*Pond's Girls
Belong to Cupid*



Send coupon for 5 POND'S Beauty Aids

1. Pond's **SOFT-SMOOTH** Glamour Cold Cream
2. Vanishing Cream
3. New Dry Skin Cream
4. New Dreamflower Face Powder (6 shades)
5. Pond's "Lips" (5 shades)

POND'S, Dept. 7S -CB, Clinton, Conn. Send me samples of 5 Pond's Beauty Aids listed at left used by lovely engaged girls and society beauties like Mrs. Geraldine Spreckels and Mrs. Ernest du Pont, Jr. Enclosed is 10¢ to cover your distribution expenses, including postage and packing.

Name _____

Address _____

(Offer good in U. S. only)

Yours for Loveliness

Beauty Gets Down to Business

Continued from page 16

Hi-ho, the budget-o, a-shopping let us go! For new and interesting aids that help us through Winter

ANY girl's eyes will appear larger, clearer, more colorful with mascara on her lashes. Sketched, are two good suggestions for lovelier lashes—Winx, in creamy or solid form. Reports indicate that the inexperienced find the creamy form easier to apply, but both products, however, go on with the greatest of ease, to make your lashes appear longer, darker and silkier, to form a lovely frame for your eyes. Winx makes good shadows and pencils, too, all very inexpensive, all for more glamor.

TO BRING you up-to-date on Cutex news, we've already made a shopping note for you opposite. For new, smart shades, both variations on the dark red theme, see Sugar Plum, a sweet, dark plum, and Gingerbread, a tempting spice. For those of more conservative taste, Sheer Natural gives a warm life to fingertips without extreme color. And don't forget Overcoat—not your own, but Cutex'. A strong, transparent finish to hasten drying time, to protect polish. Typists, please copy!

LET something sweet come into your life—the Valse de Fleurs bath beauties opposite! Lovely to look at and lovely to use are the talcum, eau de Cologne and bubbling bath, the latter in a glass globe, decorated with bubbles. The three will give you a sense of luxurious body grooming, and I don't have to remind any girl of the benefit of a bubble bath after a "problem" day. Bubble away your cares and end up with a soft, sweet, scented skin, feeling fine. The products are by Hunt Club Co., Ltd.

THE skin foundation season is here in earnest, and a generally sensible program seems to be: a cream by day for protection, a cake form by night for Hollywood glamor. Miner gives you both. A new foundation cream contains lanolin, helpful in protecting against roughness and chapping, and an excellent base for make-up. Then there's Patti-Pac in cake form, a form used extensively by stars, from which you can "make" a lovely complexion. Both smooth over imperfections, last for hours.

POMPADOURS, bangs and side sweeps are beautiful when perfectly groomed into place. When they are not, alas! In Winter, often the best-behaving hair becomes untractable, fly-away and wiry. There is a new preparation, Brilcomb, a non-greasy hairdressing, very helpful in the home set and for daily use in keeping hair in place, soft and shining. It seems to keep every hair in place. You can also have it used in your beauty salon. It's very new, so if you can't find it, I'll tell you where.

WITH blizzards about to swoop down on us, Hampden's Demonstrators Special Formula cold cream comes just in time to save faces. The cream has passed some rigorous tests for efficacy and gentleness. Cosmetic demonstrators, who sometimes will remove make-up thirty times a day, have found Hampden's new baby their answer. It is a silky cream, rich textured, and goes on and off quickly. A splendid cold-weather type, and happily priced from a 10 cent size up to a 50 center. C. M.



(I'll send you the name of a favorite) and sensible weekly home care, you solve many problems. The shorter hair tucks neatly under a cap or forms a soft, groomed hair beneath it. It is easy to shampoo, yourself with a good modern preparation, and you can quickly learn your own setting technique, if you want. I believe that most workers need a weekly shampoo, and I mean the pretty little stenographer as well as the great industrial "expert." I can best illustrate the need for the weekly shampoo by asking you what you think your face would look like if it had but one weekly libation. The hair brush should serve you daily for cleanliness, sheen, and general good condition.

The skin foundation is of inestimable help to the worker. Perhaps you haven't realized what a protection to your skin this is. We have been too accustomed to using a powder base for a build-up to beauty, a smoother more flawless skin that takes make-up lightly. All this is true and important. But at this time of the year, a base does much to protect against the weather and the resultant roughness and to thwart the drying effect of indoor heat, just as harmful as the much drying Summer sun. And a base does protect against much of the grime of the day. It is an invisible veil that won't prevent soil from getting on your skin but will prevent it from getting into your skin.

I believe that a cream rouge is more lasting on the skin than cake. But the little compact resting snugly in your purse will give you a nice, sure feeling, if you need more color, as at the end of a day.

For the more active workers, Perci believes that your lipstick should be bright, fresh and gay, and that the extreme sophisticated tones should be reserved for evening glamor. In certain jobs where a girl uses her hand constantly, it is often impossible to pause to renew lipstick. Here is a plan for applying that insures practically a double-lasting life for lipstick. Apply the stick to clean lips, then press tissue against them to remove surplus. Apply a faint dusting of powder from your puff. Again, your lipstick goes into action and again you blot. This is a wonderful trick for evening, also.

Use eye make-up lightly for your daytime chores, and an eau de Cologne will usually supply just the right degree of fresh sweetness.

But the day is only so many hours long. Then comes the evening—for play, romance, for being your most glamorous, gorgeous self. And here you can go so high so long as you remain in good taste. If your escort is in uniform the color of your costume, sequins, glitter, a lovely party-ish coiffure, plus a heady perfume are the program. And you will enjoy yourself ever so much more when you go from uniform simplicity to evening elegance. make your play hours count. Flatter your escort by your loveliness, rather than words. This is a kind of order of the day and the shops of Fifth Avenue have voted great windows to showing you how to look glamorous for the Army, the Navy and the Marines, and for the other boys too. It ought to add spice to living and I think it does. At least the doers of the day are making history for the world and themselves, and from a small and personal viewpoint, you will certainly have something to remember in the years to come. You ever settle into a nice, serene little lady and want to address the young—thus: "Now when I was a girl. . ."

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EVERYWHERE, IT'S —



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YOU CAN'T HELP
INHALING — BUT
YOU CAN HELP YOUR THROAT!

IT'S a fact—all smokers sometimes inhale. More smoke reaches delicate nose and throat passages. And chances of irritation increase! But now look at the findings of eminent doctors who compared five leading brands of cigarettes... and report that:

IN STRIKING CONTRAST TO PHILIP MORRIS —
IRRITANT EFFECTS OF THE FOUR OTHER LEADING
BRANDS AVERAGED THREE TIMES AS HIGH —
AND LASTED MORE THAN FIVE TIMES AS LONG!

Some inhaling goes with smoking... but worry about throat irritation need *not* go with inhaling. Change now to PHILIP MORRIS — for pleasure *without penalties*. Why wait?



Inside the Stars' Homes

Continued from page 8

dered. "You know in New York, men leave standing orders with their florists to see that you get fresh flowers all the time. They don't do that so much in Hollywood. But when I'm asked what sort of flowers I'd prefer, I say 'mixed.' There's nothing so lovely to me as bowls of early spring flowers—every kind—around a room."

Phyllis was looking exceptionally lovely.

The Victorian influence in her Howard Greer gown—a delicate white chiffon with drapery tying at the waistline that can be worn instead as a shawl—was carried out also in the little curls at the back of her modern coiffure.

"The first time I heard of 'moonlight blondes' was while I was doing 'Panama Hattie,'" she told me. "My hair was red for that play, so I couldn't do anything about it. Then for 'The Shanghai Gesture' they insisted that I be blonde—but a brassy

Cupid co-stars with beautiful Phyllis Brooks and the result is Hollywood's gayest party in honor of St. Valentine. Bright-colored balloons decorate the tiny bar, right, help make game of darts more fun. Swing goes sentimental, below. And did you notice the heart-shaped doilies and dolly on first page of story?



blonde. Now that we've finished that picture, I've changed to moonlight. Know how it's done? With *Alaine*! Funny part of it is that a moonlight blonde is merely ash-blonde, and that's my natural color!"

Phyllis took her studio apartment chiefly because it's such a grand place for entertaining. Her plans for a valentine party include a dinner for four, followed by a party for twenty to thirty.

"I can't seat more than six for a sit-down dinner," she explained, "but I can throw three rooms into one big living room and take care of five times that number

for buffet supper. There's the eleven-foot couch in the bar, this big pastel couch in the living room, the deep red love-seat, the *pouf* I designed myself—that holds more than you think!—the chairs from the little dining room and those here. Then the overflow sits on cushions on the floor."

Opal, Phyllis' cook, implored to "figure out something dreamy" for the dinner, produced a menu guaranteed to set mouths to watering.

VALENTINE DINNER

Jellied Tomato Juice with Sour Cream
Stuffed Veal Roll

Spinach Ring with Buttered Beets
(Beets cut in heart shape)

Vanilla Charlotte with Strawberry Sauce
Coffee

To Opal, alas, her recipes are more to be treasured than fine gold. That jellied tomato juice with sour cream is a specialty that she will not part with on her death bed. It's a pretty dish, too, and so suited to February 14th. What a pity!

STUFFED VEAL ROLL

3 lbs. veal roast with pocket
½ lb. ground ham

Line the veal pocket with the ham and stuff in this dressing before roasting:

3 tablespoons butter
¼ cup onion
2 cups bread crumbs
½ teaspoon salt and pepper
¼ cup chopped parsley
2 teaspoons sage
3 tablespoons salad oil

Mix together, moisten and stuff veal.

Opal's vanilla charlotte is luscious. Her strawberry sauce is made with fresh berries or strawberry preserves.

VANILLA CHARLOTTE

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
1½ cups scalded milk (not boiled)
2 eggs
2 tablespoons sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
Sponge cake (stale)
1 cup whipped cream
3 tablespoons powdered sugar
¾ teaspoon Burnett's Vanilla

Add milk gradually to yolks of eggs, slightly beaten, and mixed with sugar and salt. Cook over boiling water, stirring constantly, until mixture thickens. Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add to hot custard and stir until dissolved. Cool slightly and fold in stiffly beaten egg whites, then the whipped cream or whipped evaporated milk mixed with powdered sugar and vanilla. Line round paper cases with strips of sponge cake, using muffin rings to keep cases in shape. Fill with the mixture and chill. Remove from cases and garnish tops with four narrow strips of cake, radiating from center, and top center with a strawberry, pouring the sauce around.

Angel Charlotte is another dessert of Opal's for which Phyllis' guests go in a big way. This dessert will be on hand for the buffet served later in the evening, when there will be sliced turkey with cranberry jelly hearts, canapés with the heart motif, Opal's light sandwich rolls, and delicate little cakes. The hot dish will probably be turkey and mushrooms with creamed spinach.

ANGEL CHARLOTTE

1 envelope Knox Sparkling Gelatine
¼ cup cold water
¼ cup hot water
¾ cup sugar
¼ teaspoon salt
2 cups evaporated milk (whipped)

12 marshmallows (cut fine)
2 tablespoons maraschino or candied cherries, chopped
¼ lb. blanched chopped almonds
¾ teaspoon Burnett's Vanilla
6 rolled stale macaroons

Pour cold water in bowl and sprinkle gelatine on top of water. Add hot water and stir until dissolved. Add sugar and salt. Cool, and when it begins to thicken, add to whipped milk. Fold in macaroons, marshmallows, cherries, almonds and vanilla. Turn into mold that has been rinsed in cold water and chill. When firm, unmold and serve with angel cake.

TURKEY AND MUSHROOMS WITH CREAMED SPINACH

2 cups well-seasoned cream sauce
8 oz. can button mushrooms
1 tablespoon finely diced onion
2 lbs. spinach
Sliced roast turkey

Cut off roots of spinach and wash leaves thoroughly; cook leaves uncovered in water which clings to them; add salt. Drain and chop fine. Blend with 1 cup of cream sauce.

Put ½ cup cream sauce in bottom of a shallow baking dish. Poach turkey slices in remaining sauce. Sauté mushrooms, drained from liquid, in butter with diced onion. Reserve a few mushrooms for garnish and spread remainder over cream sauce in baking dish. Add spinach and place turkey slices on top. Garnish with remaining mushrooms and bake in moderate oven (350°) for 15 minutes.

"Opal is the world's best cook," Phyllis informed me. "She has another grand vegetable—corn ring with carrots—that is superb. But my favorite is fried eggplant!"

Phyllis' guests will be asked to bring their baby pictures with them. These will be collected, numbered, and hung on the walls. Guests will be provided with tiny catalogues containing the numbers, beside which each guest will write down his guess as to the baby's name.

"You'd be surprised how hard it is to fit a baby picture to its grown-up owner," remarked my hostess.

The moonlight blonde has a recording outfit on which the party is recorded. She keeps a record of every gala occasion and her guests by now know it and usually prepare a stunt worth a play-back.

"I shall use my dart game that night, too," she planned, "but to make it different and a little gayer we'll have balloons in every color floating around the target. If you burst a balloon, you win a prize."

When Phyllis first came to Hollywood, she had a big house in West Los Angeles with her family. Bill Haines did that house for her. After the "Panama Hattie" New York stage interlude, the young actress decided she'd like the freedom of a studio apartment. Her mother thought an apartment of her own would mean less responsibility than a house and a big staff, so now each has one within easy reach of the other.

"I liked this place the minute I saw it," said Phyllis. "I love space, and it's so hard to get it in a convenient little apartment. Only my bedrooms, kitchen and baths remain always the same here; the studio room can be changed from one to two or three rooms with my flexible partitions of screens, book-cases, and couches."

Today, the dining room, with its glamorous-looking glass table and satin-striped chairs from the former breakfast room, is divided from the bar with a set of white-painted bookcases and some rose-patterned screens. The bar, of bakelite and brass with built-in radio and high scarlet leather stools, is enclosed partly by the curving couch and more rosy screens.

"I had a lovely large bedroom-sitting room over there," went on Phyllis, "and I took such things from it as I could use

here. I chose this turquoise and deep red color scheme, combining the turquoise and pastel things from the house with the deep red *pouf* and love seat.

"The twin lamps—" two metal blackamoors in Venetian costume holding up the shades—"came from an old doge's palace in Venice. For my bedroom they had net shades, but I changed them to plain ones for this living room."

There were two papier-maché chairs to match the tilt-top table of French Regency style, but some one sat in one by mistake at a party and now there is one. The fatality didn't dim Phyllis' enthusiasm for entertainment. She helps conduct "Parties Unlimited" where a hundred service men are entertained each week by Phyllis and other Hollywood girls.

"Maybe I should dream up a St. Valentine's Day party for them," she was murmuring, as I left.

Home Town Girl Makes Good!

Continued from page 31

always enters into the picture so along with a million other things, it seems that I haven't had much time to myself.

When I came home I was so afraid that these people I have known for twenty-two years would treat me like something from Mars but thank goodness everything is just the same as it always was. You know, sometimes people get the impression that anyone who has a chance to be on the screen, is someone strange and wonderful and believe me, I am far from being that. In fact, my faults are so many and I've tried so long to correct them that I've come to the conclusion that I'm a hopeless case.

This week has been a most busy and exciting one. We had a première showing of "Tillie the Toiler" and the whole county turned out. I've never seen so many flowers or had so many pictures taken in my life. Yesterday the living room looked just like a funeral parlor so we decided to make small bouquets and distribute them around town, and what fun we had.

I have had to make personal appearances at every show and even though I haven't said more than three or four words I have been a nervous wreck. It's miserable when one isn't accustomed to such procedure. Today we had a matinee for all of the children and when I spoke my few words, I suggested that they all write me a letter, telling what part of the picture they liked best and in that way, I would have their autographs. They have started to come in already and are they ever cute! Something to show my grandchildren, anyway!

From the way things look, I'll have to go back to Hollywood very soon and I really kind of hate to think of it—unless they will put me right to work. This business of being idle doesn't rest well with me. Then, too, the country at this time of the year is perfectly beautiful, especially the trees. That is one thing I really missed in California.

I was in hopes to get to Cincinnati to see Aunt Marsha before I returned. I really should as she was the one (and only) who saw to it that I met Mr. Sparks, the producer. She certainly is a wonderful person.

I certainly hope that this letter reaches you as I want you to know how much I appreciate your interest in my work. Thank you again.

Sincerely yours,

Ray Harris

How one Tragic Mistake can add Years to your Face!



CERTAIN SHADES of powder act like the harsh, unflattering light in this picture. They accent every line—exaggerate every tiny skin defect, and even the size of the pores—often make a woman look years older than she actually is.



BUT THE RIGHT SHADE of face powder is as subtle in its flattery as the perfect lighting in this picture. It subdues the little faults of the skin—hides the lines and imperfections—makes a woman look younger and more glamorous!

One Sure Way to Avoid This Mistake!

WHENEVER I see a woman who is the innocent victim of an unflattering shade of face powder, I think: "What a pity! She's adding tragic years to her face, making herself look older than she is—and so needlessly!"

Your face powder should *improve* your appearance. It should flatter you, make you look younger and lovelier. If the powder you use doesn't do these things it is not a *true cosmetic!*

The whole secret is finding the exactly *right* shade of powder for you—the shade that gives your skin new glamor. And now you can! Yes, now you can find your most flattering shade of face powder—without guesswork.

How to find your Lucky Shade

Here's how: Send today for the 9 thrilling new shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. Try them all, one after another, right on your own skin. Keep looking in

your mirror—it will tell you when you've found your Lucky Shade!

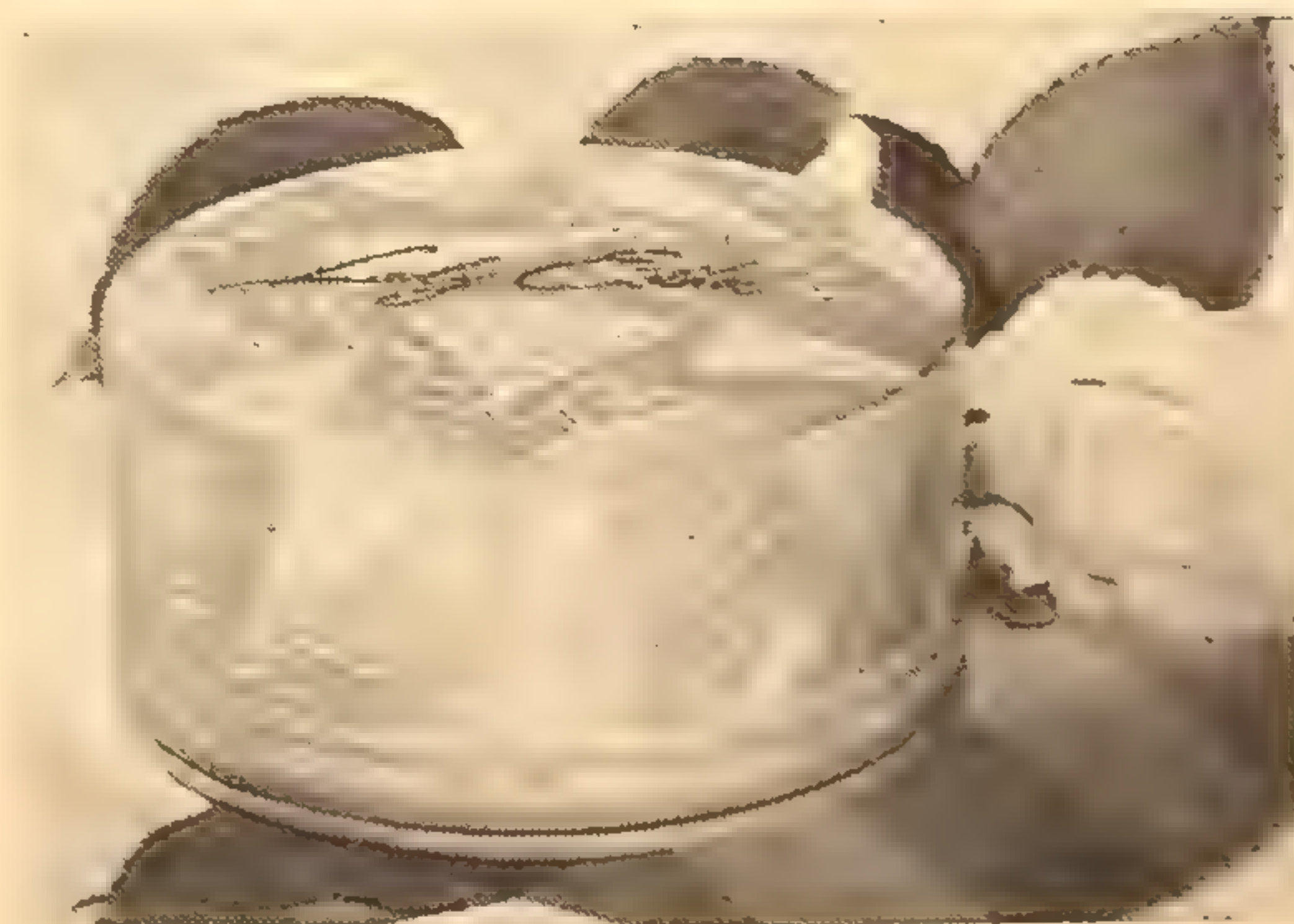
You see, my powder is different because it's *made* differently! It's made a new way—the first really new way in generations. It's blown and re-blown by *TWIN HURRICANES* until it's softer and finer by far than any ordinary face powder. And

it goes on a new smoother way that makes it cling hour after hour. Yes, Lady Esther Face Powder clings and flatters you for 4 long hours or more!

Send for all 9 shades

Find your most flattering shade of Lady Esther Powder. Just mail the coupon below for the 9 new shades and try them all. You'll know your Lucky Shade—it makes your skin look younger, lovelier!

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SALLY MANN

Dept. A. P. O. Box 987 Hollywood, Calif.



Rhapsody in Blonde

Continued from page 34

our Sextette," pipes up a scenic somebody named Lorraine Gettman.

Fade in to Mr. Wallis' office, where Director Curtiz is nervously thumbing through the latest copies of Mr. W.'s magazines the meanwhile. Enter the courier followed by lady. "Tall, blonde, and electric," Mr. C. explains, half to himself. "I think she's exactly what we need."

Mr. Wallis does some swift mental appraising before he nods. "Of course, we'll have to change your name," he says affably.

"I like it—just as it is," the lady comes back as if she were talking to, say, Mickey Rooney.

Mr. Wallis coughs. There is something about the way she makes her little speech that gives Mr. W. pause.

"Maybe you're right. Good luck—Miss Smith."

"Thank you, Mr. Wallis."

Exit an electric blonde followed by a high-voltage director.

You know, of course, what happened after that. The lady was tested, handed the rôle of the café society charmer, and was buried under so many good notices that the studio clapped her in a test lead in an unimportant little B called "The Smiling Ghost," noted the brilliant sparks she generated, and promptly made her the centerpiece of "Steel Against the Sky," her next.

What makes Errol Flynn merely an accessory to the fact is that in the case of Alexis Smith those twin bawds, Fame and Fortune, were in the bag right from the very start. The Smiths are English gentry, even though they never bothered to change Smith to Smythe, as is considered very chic in some British circles. They hail from a sleepy town in British Columbia known as Penticton, which Alexander Smith, moved by glowing descriptions of the California weather, quit when his blonde moppet was five.

Alexis' first career was launched when she was six: she turned baby ballerina. By the time she was nine she was going great guns as a ballet dancer. At ten she won a prize for a demonstration of toe work that had even the rival mommas gasping with awe. At thirteen she was good enough to be noticed by the great ballet dancer, Adolphe Bolm, who took her on as a pupil, gave her a spot in the ballet sequence from Carmen, and predicted big things for her. At thirteen, by the way, she did some fancy figuring and concluded that a career as a ballerina was pretty futile: you worked like sixty to become famous and come thirty and you were washed up.

She didn't quit studying. Not our Alexis. She simply started looking around for another career, continuing, in the interim, to dazzle Mr. Bolm and such ballet patrons as saw her work. The inspiration for her next career came from catching a pianist named Vladimir Horowitz in the throes of a Beethoven sonata. She had been dabbling around with the piano for a couple of years, but her heart hadn't been in it. Overnight, practically, she became a fairly good pianist. In a few weeks there was even talk around the house of sending her to New York when she was through with school, so she could become a recitalist.

It took her six months to discover that the piano was a demanding art: you practiced and you practiced. Even when a thing was note-perfect you kept on practicing. The pay-off was a little squib she read in the *Musical Courier* wherein the

late Ignace Paderewski confessed that he practiced eight hours daily. She didn't quit piano playing, but she looked around for another career. It didn't hurt to have an extra career on reserve, did it?

This time she didn't stray very far. She decided to give singing a try. And, of course, she did. As a matter of fact, she was coming along fine when one of her chummies at Hollywood High cozened her into entering the state declamation contest—"just for laughs." She entered and won first prize by doing a very dramatic bit from "Elizabeth the Queen." Naturally this unexpected triumph had its effect on her. So that when she entered Los Angeles City College, a two-year stint, she put her three careers—dancing, piano-playing, and singing—in abeyance while she proceeded to take a fling at the Drama.

She enrolled at Los Angeles City College for the express purpose of learning what acting was all about. City College was long—very long—on Drama. You can tell at a glance by walking down the halls and observing all these minor league Helen Hayeses and Katharine Cornells gliding down the hall. One thing more: with the dramatic geniuses at City College, the Theater is the only thing that matters, and who gives a fig for Darryl Zanuck. (They should live so long.)

Her very first brush with the drama almost disillusioned our Alexis. At the first session of the school Workshop, the director pointed to her sitting demurely in the front row, and said: "Would you mind stepping up here please?"

She bounded up the four stairs like a startled gazelle. The director took one look at her. "How tall are you?" he wanted to know.

"Five feet eight."

"And five feet nine and one-half in high heels," the director added, wistfully.

It took a couple of hours to find a leading man for her. He wasn't especially handsome. Or talented, for that matter. But he was six feet two, a very important detail, as the director explained to the class. Only in comedies and funny papers was a gentleman shorter than his true love. And audiences roared heartily.

She determined to get over her self-consciousness at being tall. In fact, all of a sudden she began coming to Workshop sporting an upswung hair-do which made her five feet eleven. And the very picture of nonchalance.

That first year she spent acquiring poise. And a sense of the theater. The second year paid dividends. She was cast as Karen Andre in "The Night of January 16th," a very important part indeed in the season's most important production. She did a nice job, judging from the applause. What was more important to her was what the director thought of her performance. He had hardly said a word. "Oh, well," she thought, "he'll tear my performance apart in class tomorrow."

She was on her way to class the next day when she was handed a note from the office. She opened it. "Please call Mr. Bianco care of the talent department at Warner Bros.," the note said. She doesn't remember what the director said about her performance. She tried to pay attention, but Mr. Bianco's message kept flashing across her mind. When school was over she called him, made an appointment.

She made it for two days thence: she didn't want to seem anxious. Anyhow, the hour rolled around in due course and she

met Mr. Bianco. He said "How do you do?" and took her downstairs to meet Mr. Trilling, boss of the casting department. A mob was waiting to see Mr. Trilling, so Mr. Bianco recommended a chair and some patience, after which he departed.

Mr. Trilling was quite busy. So busy that our Alexis became fidgety. Movie career or no movie career she had a class at three o'clock. And she had left her watch behind. She started to ask the man to the left of her what time it was, changed her mind, and asked the man on her right. It was a matter of a twist of the wrist. But it didn't stop there. The stranger wanted to know if she was interested in pictures. She told him she didn't know. The stranger allowed as how maybe she'd do all right. At which precise moment the secretary motioned to her. She could go in now.

Mr. Trilling took one look and said: "Generally speaking you're all right, but heavens, you're a tall girl! However, if anything comes up—" It was the brush-off, the most elementary b.o. in the whole catalogue.

She returned to school congratulating herself every inch of the way: she hadn't told a soul about the message. Lucky thing she hadn't. Those devotees of the Theater, capital T, would certainly have made life unpleasant for her.

It took a single week-end to bring her down to earth again. She would have put the movies out of her mind completely if it weren't for a call she received on the following Monday. It was from some very clever gentleman who mentioned that he thought she ought to be in pictures and he was the one—she hung up on him.

Three days later she got another call. This time the caller began his spiel by announcing he was from the Victor Orsatti Agency and when could she come down to talk things over? The office wanted to represent her. Who was he? The man who had met her in Mr. Trilling's reception room. Did she remember?

From here you could write the story yourself. She called on Victor Orsatti, he looked her over, decided she rated a screen test, and told her he'd start with Warner's. "But they don't want me—I'm too tall."

Mr. Orsatti smiled, smiled very confidently you might say. Anyhow at the end of a month after she had received a little coaching, she was tested, as predicted. And put under contract within a week. At seventy-five berries, as you already know. For six months they had her playing weird little bits, sexy-looking secretaries, torrid temptresses, exotic, slithering sirens who looked dangerous and said nothing, and an African Conga dancer in an Emil Coleman short.

By the time she was picked as a member of the Navy Blues Sextette, with promises of "bushels of publicity" (a lot of good it will do the Mlles. Chapman, Aldridge, Carroll, Gettman, Diggins, and James) she had become quite a little philosopher: at the rate she was going she figured she should be doing "other women" in B pictures in three to five years and a leading rôle in, say, ten years. And then Errol Flynn (God bless him) went and had that inspiration for livening up "Dive Bomber."

Which is where we came in. But not where we're going, not until you get a glimpse of the electric Alexis in action.

Close-up, Alexis Smith is a long-legged, hill-and-dale item, with a voice that is soft, sultry, and obviously modulated. There's a dreamy look to her eyes which makes you think of faraway princesses, although it so happens that she is a "hopeless extrovert," to quote her.

She looks like the waltz and yet she's mad about jive. She'd jitterbug before breakfast if Mickey Rooney were around—



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Mickey Rooney with ten more inches of altitude, that is.

Her moods vary. In the space of an hour she goes earnest, gentle, hilarious, intense, and whimsical. "It's my British background," she says, twitting herself.

She's had a mild romance but nothing "earthshaking," she confesses. She admires actors—to look at, but not as romancers. Gabin and Garfield are a couple she speaks of glowingly—as actors, mind you. She hasn't the slightest notion of getting married while President Roosevelt is in office, which, according to some nasty Republicans, may be a pretty long time.

Men, by the by, baffle her. They baffle her because she baffles them with the undebatable fact that she's intelligent. Some Hollywood men say it isn't right, "beauty and brains yet." Miss Smith tells them she'd rather be brainy than glamorous, "if I am."

Gusty as a West wind, she churns around like loony all day and then comes home at night to sit on the floor and relax. She thinks funnies are the world's greatest blessing, right now, especially. She comes home from dates and raids the ice-box, right down to some stalks of celery.

Has she ever swooned away? Don't be ridiculous. Alexis is a big girl, don't you remember?

Picnics with the right party along she simply adores. Sleeping late of a morning is her one obsession. She sleeps until they hit her on the head, even though the alarm clock booms like Big Ben.

Weddings she doesn't like to watch. Prodigies give her a pain best left unidentified. She is ready to deed over to Carole Lombard, or anyone else, all her fishing right: the finny little beasties leave her cold.

She once slapped a man who had been a little fresh and she isn't sorry. Naturally, she isn't afraid of the dark. Bald-headed men fascinate her. She doesn't yearn to own a long, black limousine such as Marlene Dietrich's. What does she love most of all?

"Life!" she tells you with a yippee.

One thing bothers her extremely: girls don't like her at first blush and she can't imagine why, although later they come around.

We can, Miss Smith. They're just jealous, that's all. And who could blame them?

Mrs. Marshall Gives the Lowdown on "Bart"

Continued from page 33

on. Then one week-end several years ago Lee was in Palm Springs with a gay group of people. They were all going to Eddie Goulding's for dinner—and when Lee arrived she learned that Bart Marshall was going to be one of the guests. She shamelessly admits that she did a little conniving with Eddie, which resulted in her being seated next to Bart at the dinner table.

Now Lee has a way of slurring her words, which makes you think she's Southern, which she isn't. But this evening she intended being very clipped and precise in the British manner. She fired the first gun. And she definitely got Mr. Marshall's attention.

"I don't remember what I said," Lee reminisced, "but I happened to get 'exquisite' and 'mischievous' in the same sentence. And to my great embarrassment I mispronounced both words. Bart corrected me immediately. And he was going into a long discussion of proper pronunciation when I snapped, 'I don't see that it makes any difference!'"

Bart took a good look at the beautiful girl at his right and decided that it really didn't make any difference. As a matter of fact before the dessert arrived he had casually assured the future Mrs. Marshall that he only bothered to correct the pronunciation of people he liked very much. Ever since then Lee has been slurring her words, very badly, and Bart has been correcting her.

Two years ago, accompanied by Bart's close friends, Vilma Banky and Rod LaRocque, they flew to Las Vegas and were married. They live today in a charming home in Beverly Hills, rather small for a movie star's home, but exquisitely furnished, with the proper accent. Lee has no screen ambitions. She is perfectly content to be the adoring wife of Herbert Marshall.

"I get furious now," said Lee, "when I read articles in magazines and newspapers that make you think that Bart is a staid stuffy gentleman. Why, he is the funniest man I've ever met."

Not long ago Lee and I gathered for a bit of dishing over a spot of tea at the Brown Derby—and with extremely guilty

consciences we split a Danish pastry, warmed, and covered with butter. "As one Herbert Marshall fan to another," I said, "slip me the real lowdown on Herbert Marshall. What's he really like? Tell me his faults first, I always like faults better than virtues."

"He has only one fault," said Lee, "bottles! He has fourteen bottles of hair tonic. The bathroom looks a mess. He uses only one kind of hair tonic, but every time he goes some place and some one mentions a new hair tonic, Bart buys a bottle right away and brings it home. He never opens the new bottles, he just likes to have them around cluttering up the bathroom. They ruin everything."

We split another pastry, and Lee continued on her favorite subject. "His prized possession," she said, "is a convertible roadster, vintage of 1936. It's the love of his life. I always tell him that I am going to bury him in it. When he isn't working he likes to take a drive down along the beach after lunch. 'Let's go for a blow,' he'll say, and on windy days it is indeed a blow. Another of his prized possessions is a shoe kit I gave him several years ago. Ever since then he has been polishing his own shoes. The kit only cost six dollars, but the way he treats it you'd think it cost six hundred."

"Bart is so quiet and gentle and sympathetic you just can't help but love him. He can't bear to hurt anyone's feelings. The other morning he was wakened out of a sound sleep by some guy who had gotten our phone number, and who wanted to sell him a carpet sweeper. Bart hit the ceiling, and told the ambitious salesman just what he could do with his carpet sweeper. But later in the morning when he came down to breakfast he said to me, 'That poor soul had a hard day ahead of him, and naturally he had to start early. Lee, don't you think we need a new carpet sweeper?' We have some pretty good arguments over money, you can be sure. I'm the practical one. If I didn't watch him he'd give everything away."

"His great passion right now is football. John McClain got him interested in American football several years ago, and every year he goes more and more nuts about it. He and John take in all the big

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games, and the ones they can't go to they listen to over the radio. I am a good American, but I just can't stand football. Anyway, I think it's wrong for a wife to drag along all the time, so I always send Bart and John away to their precious games with my blessing. When I first met Bart and he would say to me, 'I won't be able to see you this week-end, Lee, John and I are going up north to a football game,' I would be so jealous that I couldn't see straight. I was certain that football was just another name for a blonde. But I know better now.

"Though he is so American about a lot of things, he is very British about his meals. He likes the continental lunch which lasts from one and a half hours to two and a half—when he's not working, of course. He likes to have lunch in a restaurant, with agreeable people to talk to, mostly about world conditions. He'd rather starve than have lunch in a cafeteria, or a drugstore. Once in New York he went into a drugstore to have lunch. First he noticed the men sitting there at the counter with their hats on; and then he noticed a group of women sitting on stools, and the contours where the ladies met the stools must have been pretty frightening. I've never been able to drag him to the counter of a drugstore since—not even for a Coca-Cola.

"At six o'clock in the afternoon he likes to have his pals drop by home for a drink and a lot of conversation. Ronald Colman, Rod LaRocque, John McClain, Roland Young, and Reggie Gardiner belong to the steady group. Bart likes to do his own bartending. Dinner is at eight—he'd like it later but can't get it, the servant problem being what it is—and after dinner he likes to play gin rummy. He is crazy about the radio and goes from one program to another. His favorite orchestra right at present seems to be Duke Ellington's, and his favorite song, 'I've Got It Bad and That Ain't Good.'

"His favorite foods? Irish stew and brown betty. His pet aversion is squab on toast. He's always certain he is going to send it skidding across the table into someone's lap. Like all good Englishmen he has a great fondness for roast beef—but he likes it cut razor-thin. He never fusses around the kitchen, though he does like to make the mint sauce when we have a lamb roast. It's the conventional mint sauce, but he thinks he makes it better than anyone else. But what he does make, that's really divine, is a dressing for cracked crab. He takes a cup of mayonnaise, a teaspoon of Worcestershire sauce, one and a half teaspoons of lemon juice, and three-fourths of a teaspoon of horse radish. He puts all the ingredients into a bowl and mixes them together until they are well blended. Then he adds salt and pepper and paprika to taste. It's really delicious. He loves to have everyone go into ecstasies over it and compliment him to the skies."

Bart (it was his mother who first nicknamed him that) thinks his wife dresses well, but just the same he took it upon himself to buy her a suit for a surprise present last Easter. He and Roland Young went shopping at Saks, and the salesgirls there are still laughing about it. Strangely enough, Lee really liked the suit, so Bart is more convinced than ever that he is a man of excellent taste. His hobby is collecting original sketches by contemporary cartoonists. He's quite a cartoonist himself, though a thoroughly frustrated one. He has sent innumerable sketches off to the *New Yorker* and other magazines, under assumed names, but they always come back to him.

"He's crazy about Rosalind Russell," said Lee in conclusion. "And he doesn't mind women swearing. Not that there's any connection between those two sentences!"



"You're In the Army Now"—if not you'll wish you were when you see Jane Wyman, above, Marguerite Chapman, right, and Lorraine Gettman, far right, in comedy of that name.

HERE'S Hollywood



These three military maidens appear in a sequence showing a USO unit performing at an army camp in "You're In the Army Now," the gay film musical about life among the draftees.

TREAT 'em rough and make 'em like it is certainly the right method for Hedy Lamarr. When the King Vidor invited Charlie Chaplin to a preview, they brought along Hedy to complete the foursome. All evening long Hedy kept up a bantering conversation. When Charlie waxed eloquent, Hedy always topped him. So what happened? So Charlie says that Hedy is one of the most fascinating women in captivity. He's telling *us*!

IT'S no state secret that some of our glamor boys wear toupees, to add to their attraction on the screen. Charles Boyer is one of them. When it was announced that his next picture would be opposite Veronica Lake, a Hollywood wisecracker exclaimed: "Wonder if Charles is going to wear his hairpiece over one eye!"

HERE'S a unique fashion tip that comes direct from Lana Turner. For evening wear the tempestuous Turner tops her ensemble with a "Begonia Beanie." She picks the flowers right out of her own garden. By working the stems through a skin-tight skull cap, it makes a most unusual headpiece. Sometimes Lana alternates with violets or bachelor buttons. On her it's becoming.

WHERE there's life there's Bob Hope—thank goodness! A group of actors were panning a certain English gentleman who lives in mortal terror of returning abroad and fighting for his country. Fred MacMurray happened by and asked whom they were discussing. Before anyone could answer, Bob Hope needed: "Oh, just a bundle of nerves for Britain!"

NEWS AND VIEWS FLASHED FROM THE FILM FRONT

By Weston East



A tender love scene from "Heliotrope Harry," gripping screen drama, in which Brian Donlevy and Miriam Hopkins, elusive jewel thieves, pledge they will go straight in the future.

RIOTOUS romance rumor that Director Irving Rapper and Betty Field are a torrid twosome, is just so much Hollywood hooey. Actually, those two have never been introduced. Rapper, who is scheduled to direct Norma Shearer in "The Gay Sisters," is married to his art. As far as Betty is concerned, those who should know report that she is having a "Field" day with playwright Elmer Rice. No wonder Dan Cupid is threatening to go on suspension!

HOLLYWOOD is asking: Will Priscilla Lane end up at the altar with Victorville publisher John Barry? Ever since she got a break in Frank Capra's "Arsenic and Old Lace," Priscilla has shown signs of becoming career-conscious. Then there have been those meetings with Ray Heindorf, who coached Pat's songs for "Blues in the Night." They get together at the "Blue Evening," an isolated little restaurant not far from Warner Bros. Studio. They sit and talk for hours. However, it's still Barry's ring that sparkles brightly on the little Lane's third finger, left hand. Time will tell all.

THE combination of Astaire and Crosby working together is creating miracles on the Paramount lot. Fred, who used to worry himself sick, has now taken on the Crosby indifference. And Bing, who used to do everything in one take, now does a scene several times before he is satisfied that it's his best. By the way, in this picture Bing does a take-off of Fred doing a dance, and Fred gives his impersonation of Bing crooning a song. In other words, never a dull moment.

HE doesn't say much, but Jimmy Cagney has fallen hard for his new adopted son, James Cagney, Jr. When Mrs. Cagney went to the beauty parlor recently, she left big Jimmy in charge of little Jimmy. When he returned home the house was very still, all the lights out. She tiptoed into the nursery. Right in the bed next to his son, tough guy Cagney had curled up and gone sound asleep! At that moment Mrs. Cagney would have paid any sum for a candid cameraman.

KEEP an eagle eye peeled for Van Heflin. Katie Hepburn's former leading man in the stage version of "Philadelphia Story") really distinguishes himself in "Johnny Eager." His acting in Bob Taylor's deathbed scene was so exciting, after the review L. B. Mayer walked down to the set to tell Van he was terrific. Not a bad compliment for an actor who was once fired by RKO for being incompetent.

CONNIE BENNETT is seeing to it that our boys in the army camps have a close shave. She's organized a committee to help finance the purchase of shaving equipment for those in training. If Gilbert Roland starts patronizing his neighborhood barber, you know the reason!

IT'S an awfully good rumor but there doesn't seem to be any eye witness. All of which means that Hollywood is wondering if Gene Tierney really did take a poke at Director von Sternberg. According to the gossips, Gene resented the way von grabbed hold of her and shoved her around while giving direction for "The Shanghai Gesture." When it went from bad to worse she is supposed to have let him have it. True or false, von Sternberg knows the value of sensational publicity.



Kathryn Grayson, above, who jumped to fame as Mickey Rooney's private secretary in one of the *Hardy* films, will next appear in "The Vanishing Virginian," a dramatization of Rebecca Yancey Williams' exciting novel in which Frank Morgan plays title rôle.

WHEN the boys in the steam room at Dave Chasen's restaurant caught the preview of "They Died With Their Boots On," they ganged up on Errol Flynn. A wire sent to him where he was vacationing in New York, read as follows: "Congratulations. Just saw your picture. You've never been braver!"

JEAN GABIN was as nervous as the proverbial bride, the day the famous French star began his first American movie. Marlene Dietrich was on hand to cheer him up and coach him in his lines. Acting and speaking English at the same time is the hardest job Gabin has ever tackled. His last name, by the way, is pronounced Ga-ban.

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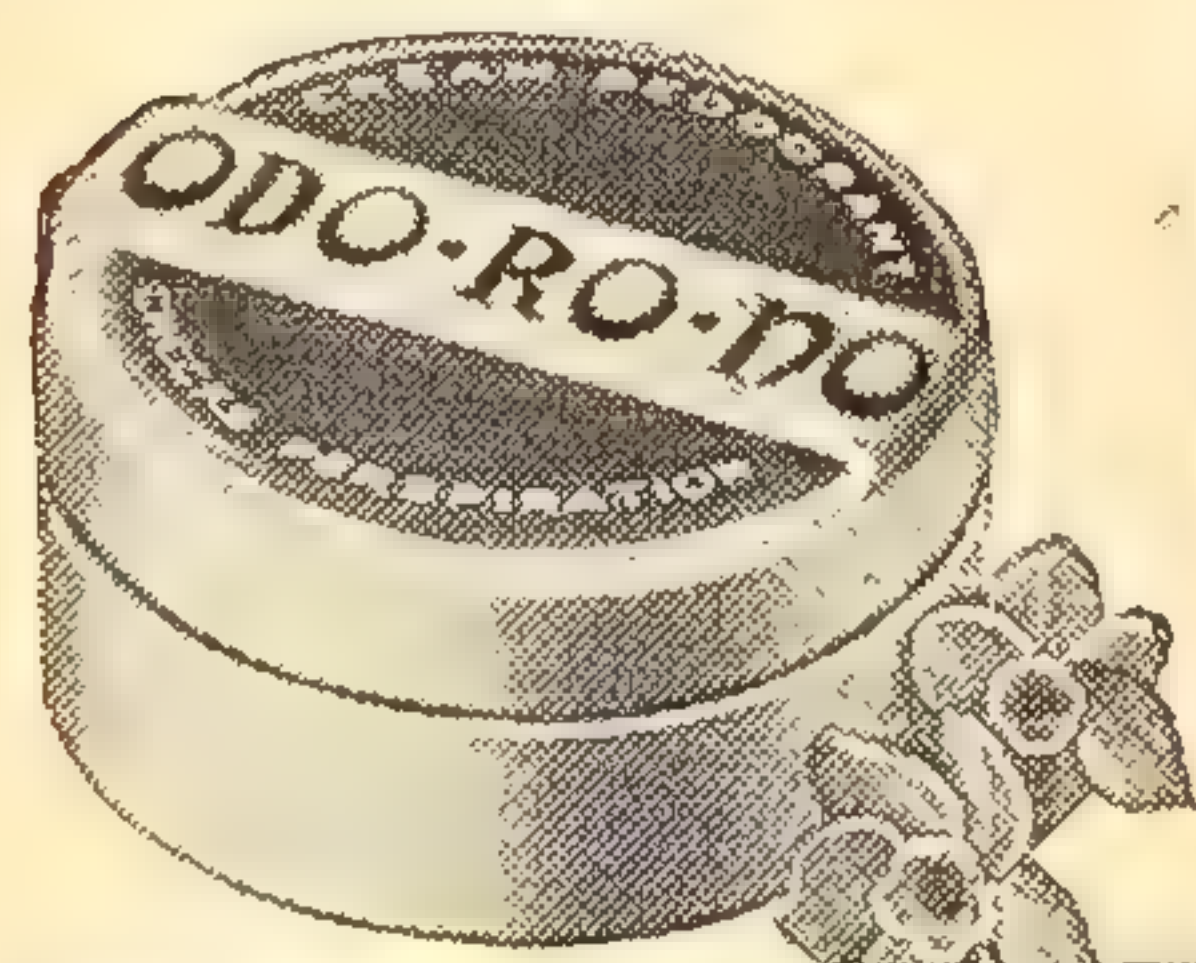
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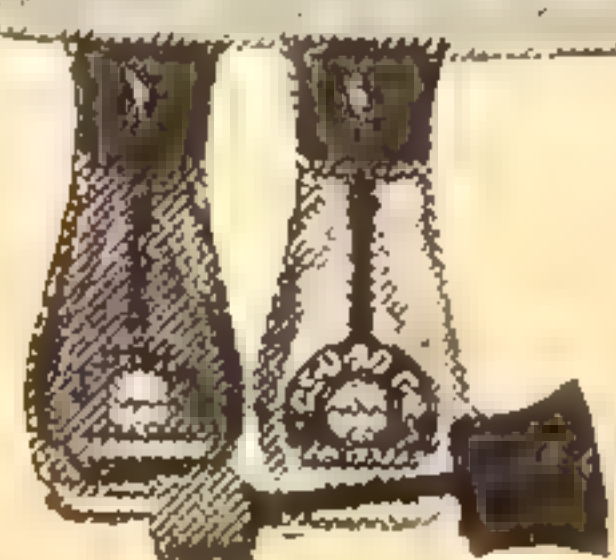
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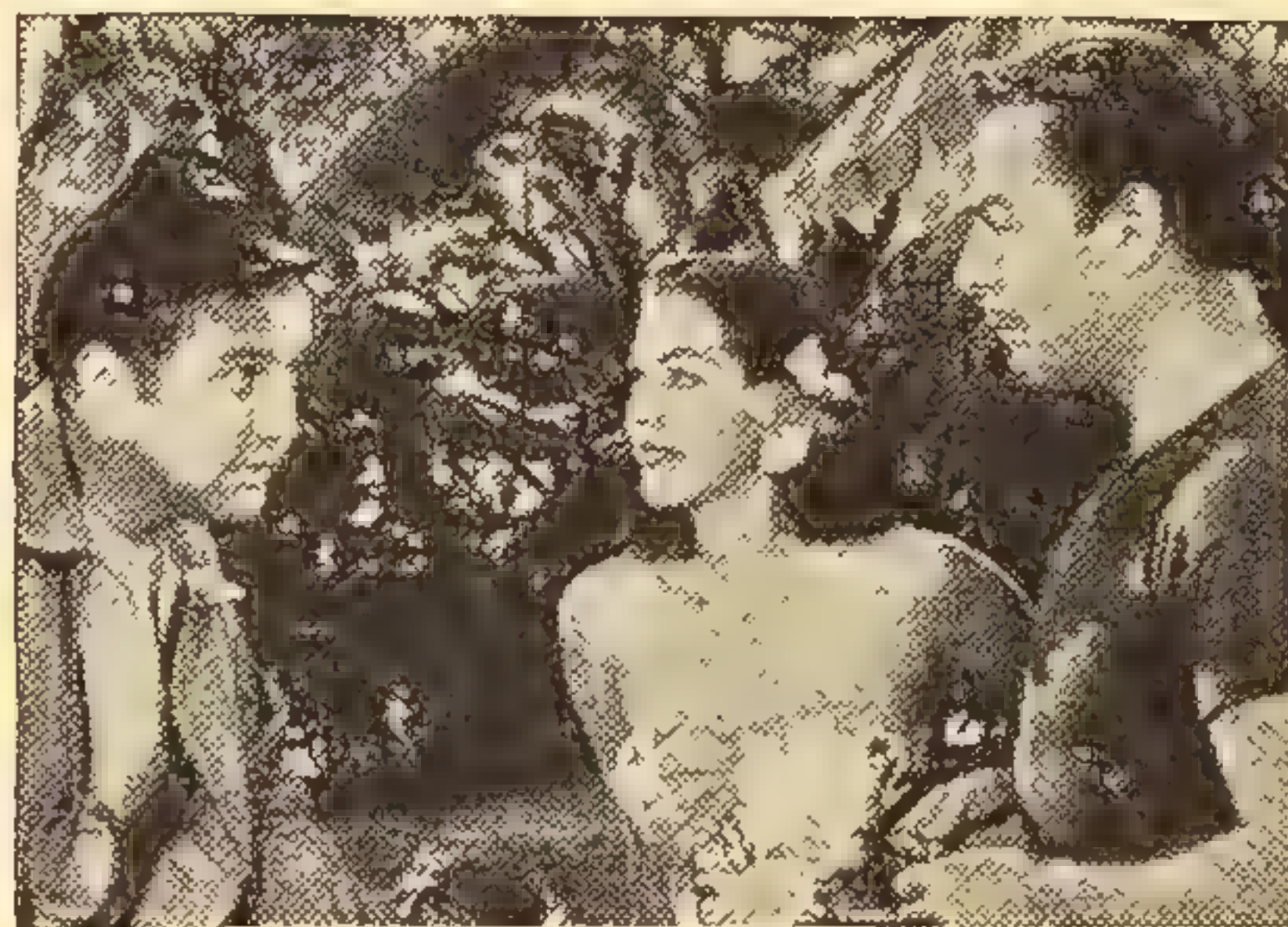
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The Chocolate Soldier—M-G-M

This is a combination of *Moulin Rouge* comedy, "The Guardsman," and *Sally* operetta, "The Chocolate Soldier." principal characters are musical comedy stars, played by Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald. Met opera star making screen debut. In order to test his fidelity, Karl disguises himself as a Russian, creating amusing situations. In fine voice; Rise, a worthy successor to Jeanette MacDonald. Light-hearted.



South of Tahiti—Universal

If you can stand another South Island film for the sake of seeing virile souls as Brian Donlevy, Arthur Devine and Broderick Crawford wear sarongs, see this. It's a wacky story about three adventurers who are marooned on an island and, though it may not have been intended as such, a burlesque of former South Sea films. Bright dialogue, the trio's clowning, and newcomer Monte Montez are all the picture has to offer.



Design for Scandal—M-G-M

A sophisticated comedy-romance about a lady jurist (Rosalind Russell) who almost involved in a scandal by a new cameraman (Walter Pidgeon) so she be removed from the bench and his boss (Edward Arnold) will escape paying heavy alimony. Instead, he falls in love with her and matters become complicated—and hilarious. Roz, Walter, good. If C. Kibbee's rôle (also a jurist) hadn't been so brief, he might have stolen the picture.



New York Town—Paramount

This Cinderella story shows the less glamorous side of life in a big city. The simple and charming way in which the tale is told will please you. Fred MacMurray plays a carefree sidewalk photographer who snaps passersby for a living. He befriends Mary Martin, who is down to her last pair of silk stockings and after talking her into marrying wealthy Robert Preston, wakes up to the fact that he's in love with her himself.



Shadow of the Thin Man—M-G-M

Mr. and Mrs. Nick Charles, you'll be glad to note, are as gay and as giddy as ever despite the fact that Nick, Jr., is growing up apace, even to the point where he makes his old man drink milk while he watches (although trust Nick to sneak a Martini). Daddy solves a quite ingenious murder with no mean help from Mommy. Sam Levene adds much to merriment and handsome Stella Adler (from the stage) a whole lot to the mystery. A "must" for Nick Charles' fans.

Tagging the Talkies

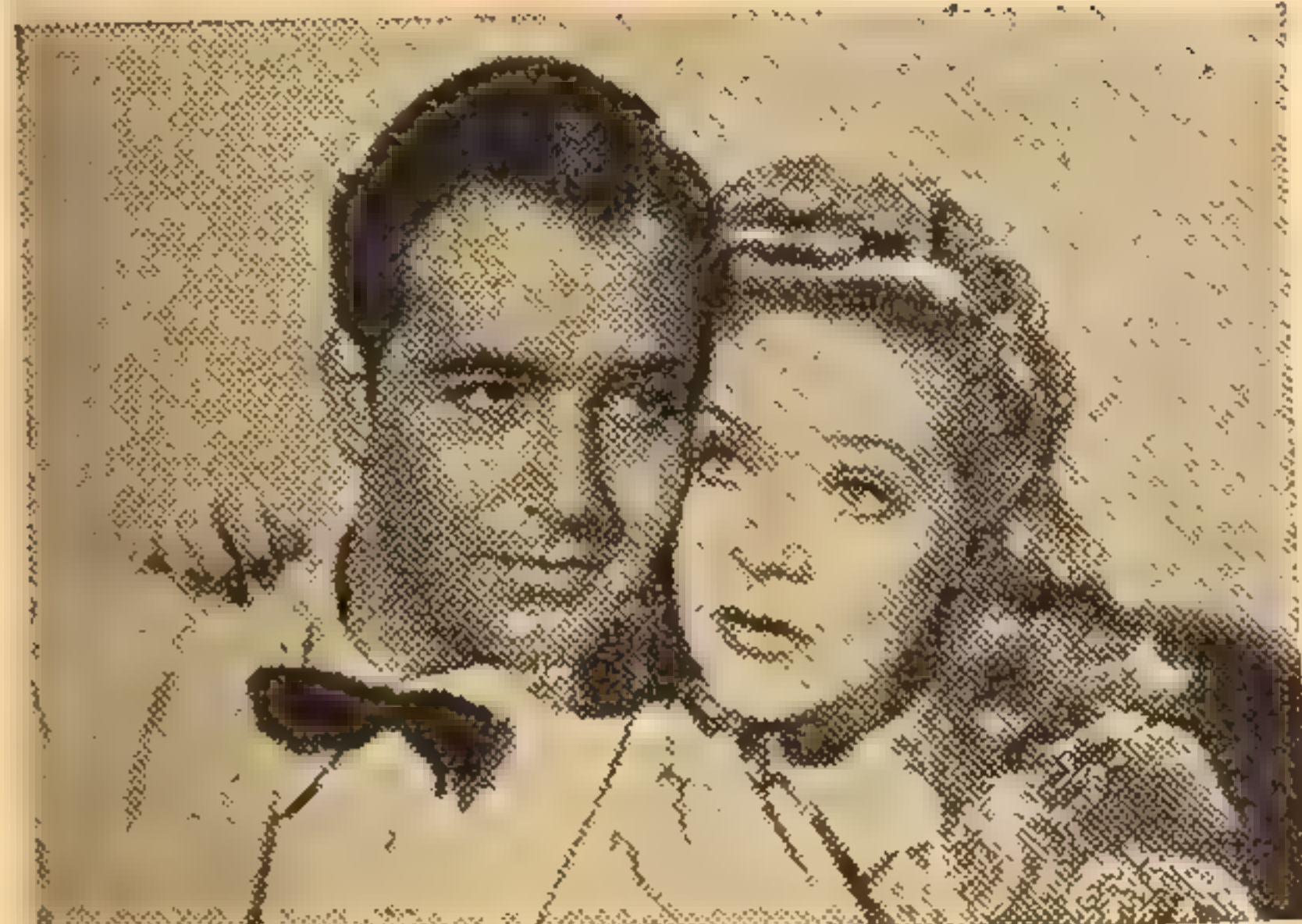


Tarzan's Secret Treasure—M-G-M
Tarzan's back! Eee-ow-hoo!! And about time—it's almost three years since we last heard his yell. In this jungle adventure Tarzan's son is rescued from savages by explorers whose greed for gold angers Tarzan (Johnny Weissmuller), causing the conflict that leads to many thrilling rescues: Tarzan's underwater swimming to save Jane (Maureen O'Sullivan) and Boy (John Sheffield); the elephants coming to his aid. Swell make-believe.



Sierra Sue—Republic Pictures

This lacks the action usually present in Westerns starring Gene Autry, but it has more singing (by Gene), more comedy (by Smiley Burnette), and more romance (with Fay McKenzie) and, as a whole, it's good entertainment. Gene portrays an agricultural inspector whose orders to chemically spray grazing areas infected with poison devil weed, are opposed by an honest but bungling rancher—but trust Gene to get the job done.



Week-End in Havana—20th Century-Fox

The week-end is brought about by a shipwreck. Salesgirl Alice Faye, cheated of her trip, won't sign a waiver until she's had fun at the S.S. line's expense, so John Payne takes her to Havana by plane. They meet Cesar Romero, jealous Carmen Miranda. From there on—not a dull moment! Alice dances, sings charmingly; Carmen's songs, with those sly gestures, will delight you; Payne, good; Romero, fine. Gay, tuneful. You'll enjoy it.

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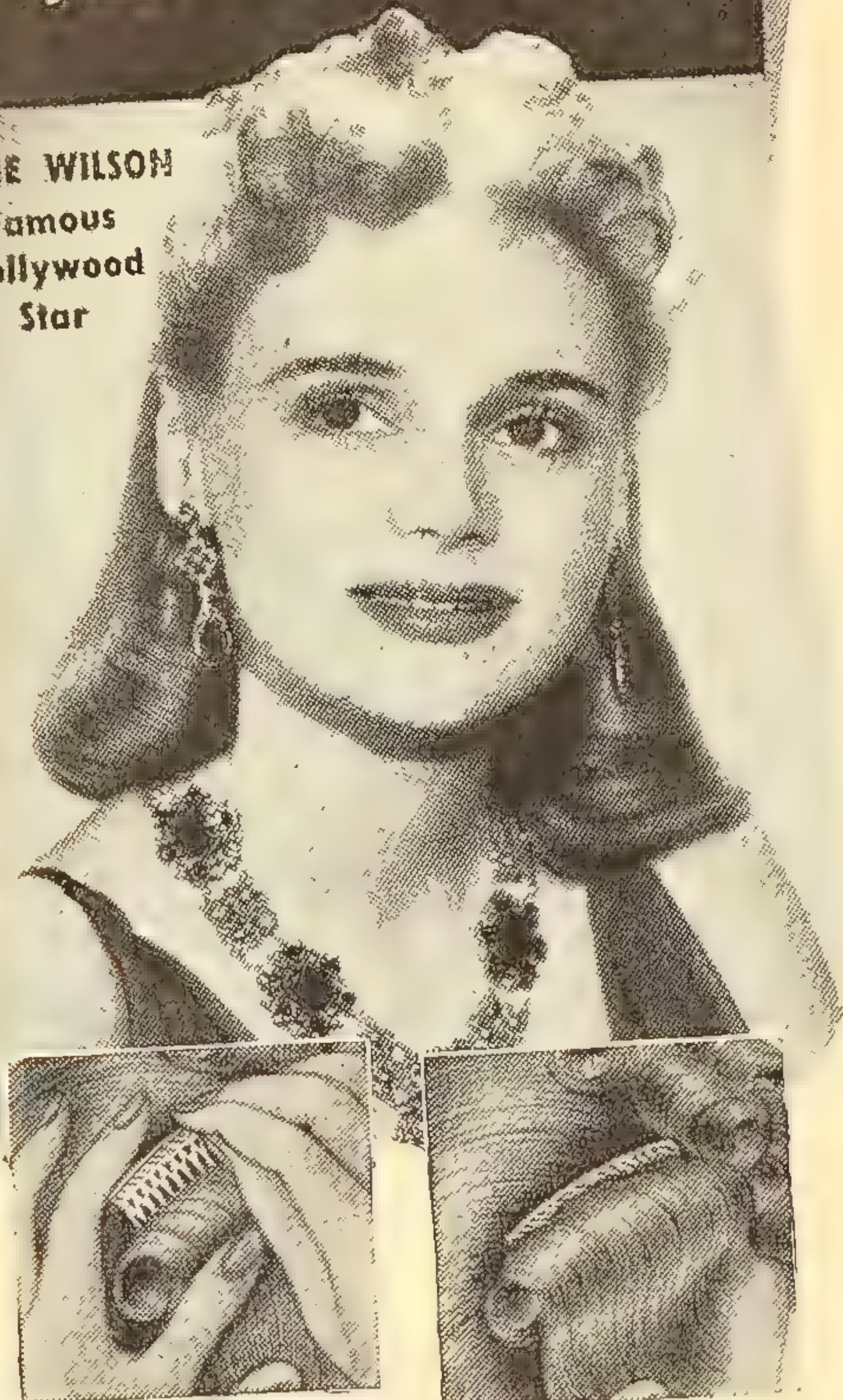
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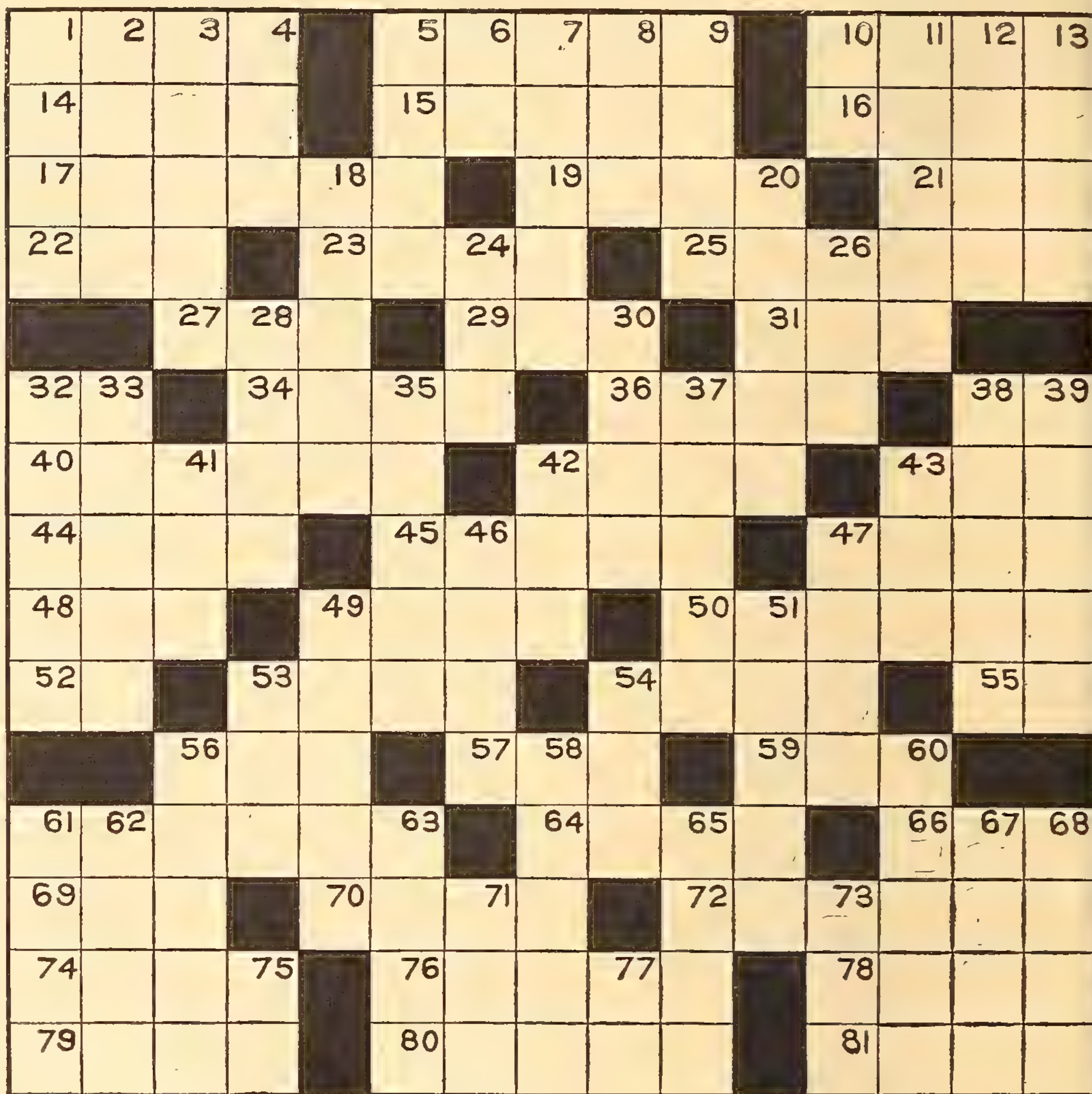
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SCREENLAND'S Crossword Puzzle

By Alma Talley



ACROSS

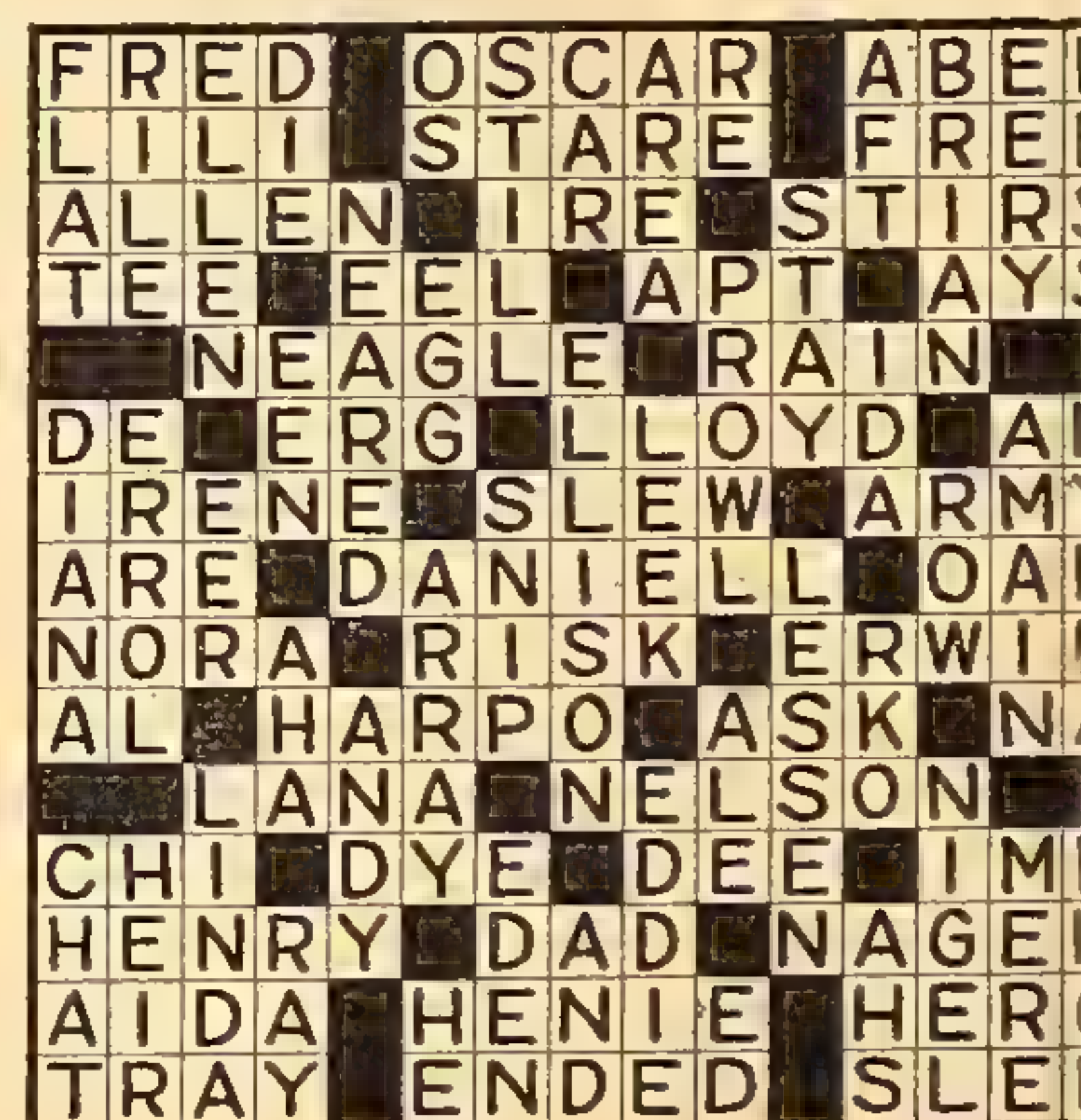
1. She plays *Midge* in "Let's Go Collegiate"
5. Her new one is "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
10. The drunken pal in "Skylark"
14. A bitter drug
15. Scents
16. Entice
17. Actually, truly
19. Part of the mouth (plural)
21. Narrow inlet
22. Japanese money
23. Brink, margin
25. Tugged, jerked
27. Noticed
29. "Nine Lives . . . Not Enough" (Ronald Reagan)
31. Born
32. Like
34. Pen points
36. Leading lady in "In the Navy"
38. " . . . Stayed for Breakfast," a movie
40. He plays the monster in "Spooks Run Wild"
42. Lazily
43. Over (contraction)
44. Co-star, "Moonlight in Hawaii"
45. He's featured in "Blues in the Night"
47. Star of "Sunny"
48. Strange, queer
49. A valley, dale
50. Co-star, "I Was a Prisoner on Devil's Island"
52. "The Ramparts . . . Watch," a patriotic film
53. Co-star, "Week-end in Havana"
54. Makes a Mistake
55. Biblical pronoun
56. To weep convulsively
57. Co-star, "Skylark"
59. Indefinite period of time
61. He's most famous as "The Thin Man"
64. Lacking in fat
66. Propeller

DOWN

1. He plays *Sergeant York*
2. On the sheltered side
3. Lends
4. Slippery fish
5. He plays *Hopalong Cassidy*
6. *Ziggy* in "Buy Me That Town"
7. He plays *Charlie Chan*
8. Prefix meaning three
9. To catch sight of
10. Famous "Mammy" singer
11. She's featured in "The Man Who Came to Dinner"
12. One of the Great Lakes
13. What every extra hopes to play
18. He plays *Judge Hardy*
20. Baby star in "Bachelor Daddy"
24. Fuel for cooking
26. He's featured in "For Beauty's Sake"
28. Soon
30. Co-star, "The Chocolate Soldier"
32. To permit
33. Undressed kid (for shoes, gloves)
35. One of the Dead End Kids ("Mob Town")
37. Senior
38. His new one is "The Male Animal"
39. To rub out
41. Deity
42. Electrified particle
43. " . . . Foot in Heaven" (Fredric March)

46. An evil look
47. Too
49. Co-star, "Honky-Tonk"
51. Co-star, "Unfinished Business"
53. Enemy
54. Part of the face
56. A lover
58. A place of prayer
60. Her new one is "We We Dancing"
61. Nuisance
62. He's featured in "The Men Her Life"
63. Maiden
65. Old
67. Periods of life
68. Monthly charge for a house
71. " . . . Knew All the Answers" (Joan Bennett)
73. A simpleton
75. Note of the scale
77. "You Belong to . . ." (Stanwyck, Fonda)

Answer to Last Month's Puzzle



The Private Life of Dr. Kildare

Continued from page 29

getting there and decided to dine after the show. We went into a restaurant and Lew was raving over everything connected with the film. The restaurant was crowded but finally, in the midst of his eulogies, a flushed, perspiring waitress came up to take our order.

"What's good tonight?" Lew asked, not really caring.

"Mister," replied the waitress, "we been so busy I don't know if we got roast beef or elephant hide."

"Listen to that," Lew admonished me in mock seriousness. "No interest in her work—no enthusiasm. He turned to the girl with a perfectly straight face and said, 'My girl, never lose interest in your work. You should make it your business to find out what you have and if it *should* happen to be elephant hide you should tell your customers, 'We have the *best* elephant hide tonight you ever sank your teeth in.'"

The girl turned on her heel and walked away. "Now what have I said?" Lew roared.

A few seconds later she returned. "It turns out its liver and onions," she announced rapturously, "and it's probably the best you ever tasted!"

Lew was in ecstasies the rest of the evening.

He is a faddist and extremist. When I first knew him his interest was centered solely in astronomy and organ music. Also, to an extent, in composing.

"When I get rich," he observed once, "I'm going to buy the top of that mountain over there and build me a big house with about a \$10,000 built-in pipe organ and a small observatory on the roof."

The years passed and Lew passed with them—through two marriages and divorces, only to emerge triumphantly with the top of a mountain and a small but thoroughly livable house. His telescopes are laid away in moth balls (not even lavender and old lace) and in lieu of the \$10,000 built-in organ he has a small portable electric organ with which he makes the nights hideous for his guests. But he is not showing off for I have come up unexpectedly many an evening and found him playing it—and his own compositions—for his own enjoyment.

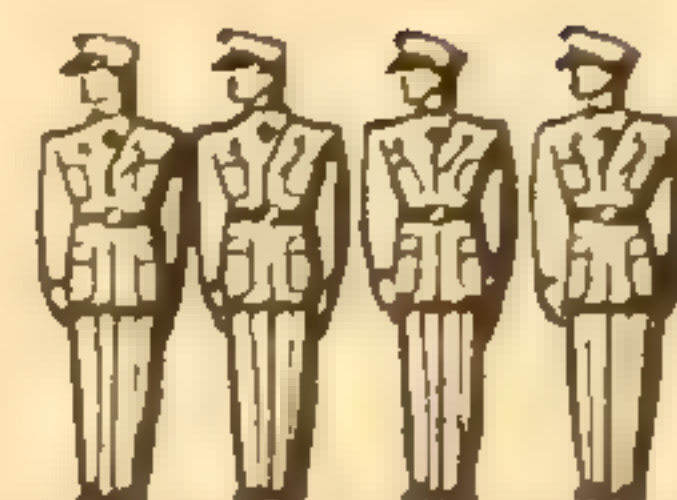
Along with astronomy there was bridge and horseback riding. The horseback riding was forgotten in the joys of tennis and ping-pong which were in turn succeeded by bowling. Today, however, his sole exercise consists of long walks (which he never misses) and an occasional dip in his pool.

"I found," he told me by way of explanation, "that all those things we used to do—and which I enjoyed at the time, mind you—were subconsciously done for the sake of exercise. Well, now, I walk three to five miles over these mountains, get the same amount of exercise and I can concentrate on thinking."

"What do you think about?" I interrupted.

Lew grinned. "It's hard to tell exactly. But all of a sudden it seemed to me I was getting nowhere with the stars. They were interesting but there were so many things closer to hand I needed to know about.

"All at once I realized how many hundreds of thousands of books have been written and how few I had read. So I started reading—anything that came to hand. I have an insatiable curiosity about life and people. On these walks I think over what I have read and try to understand it and apply it to the world today. It's like considering Life as a gigantic jigsaw puzzle



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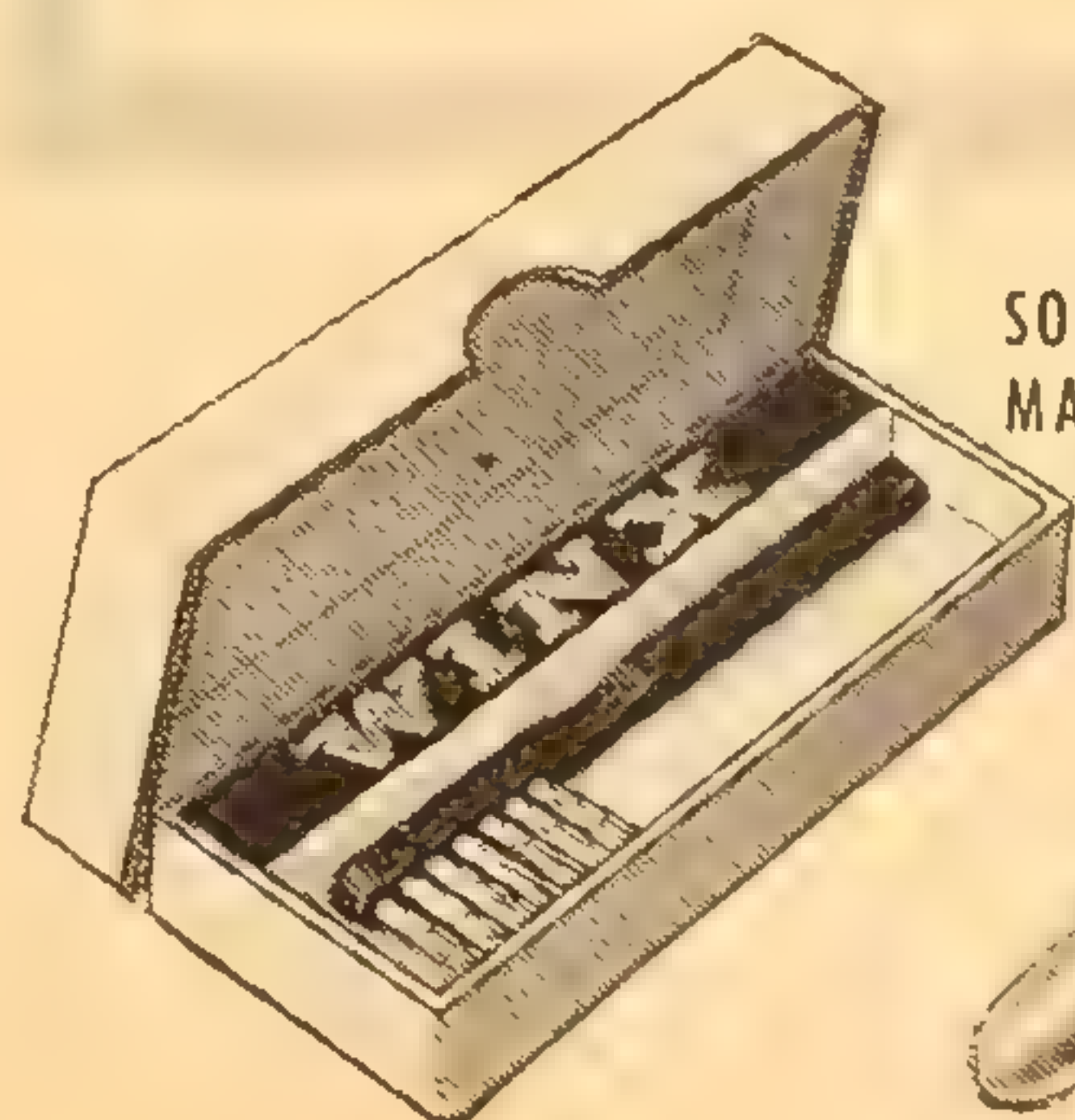
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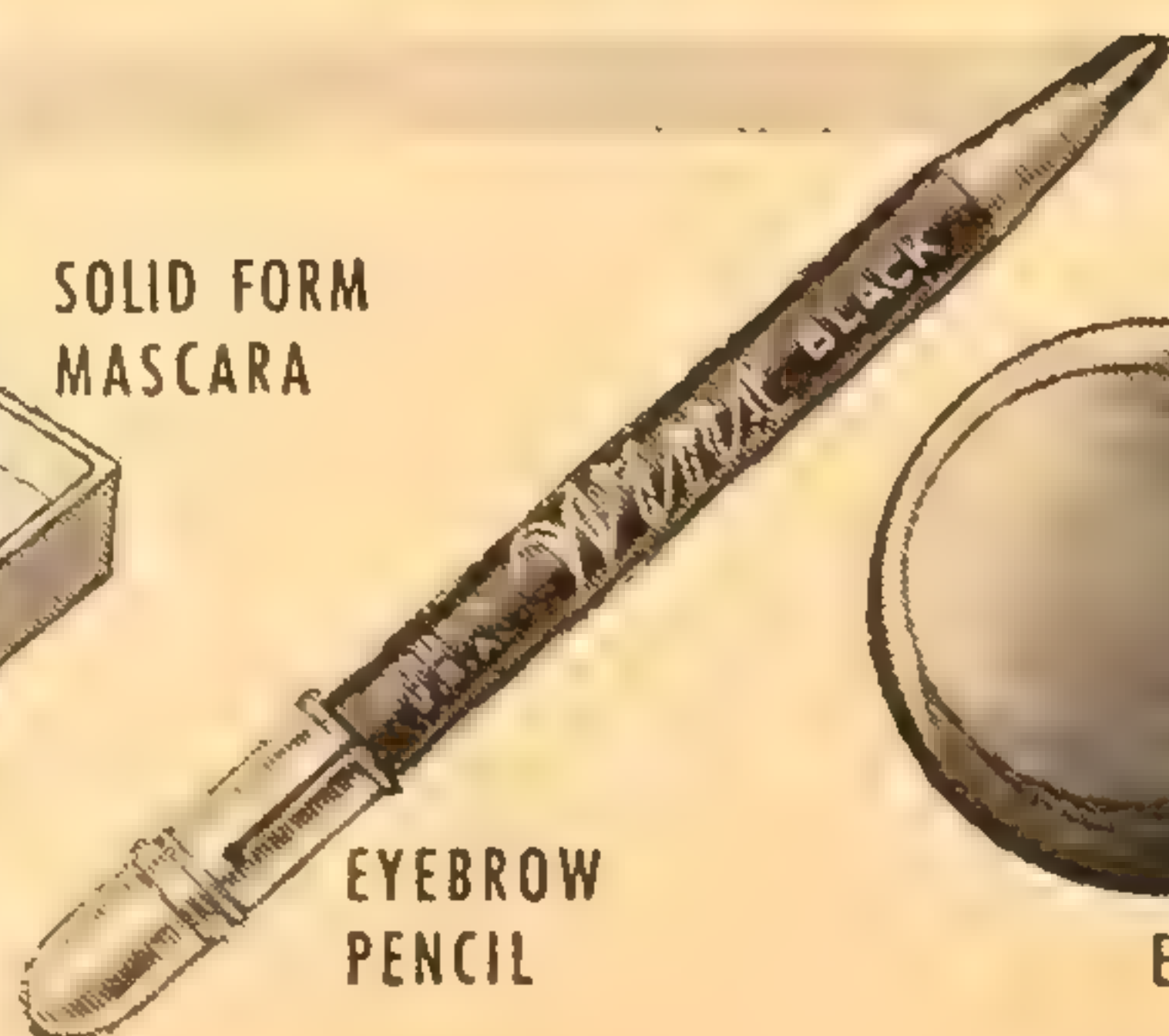
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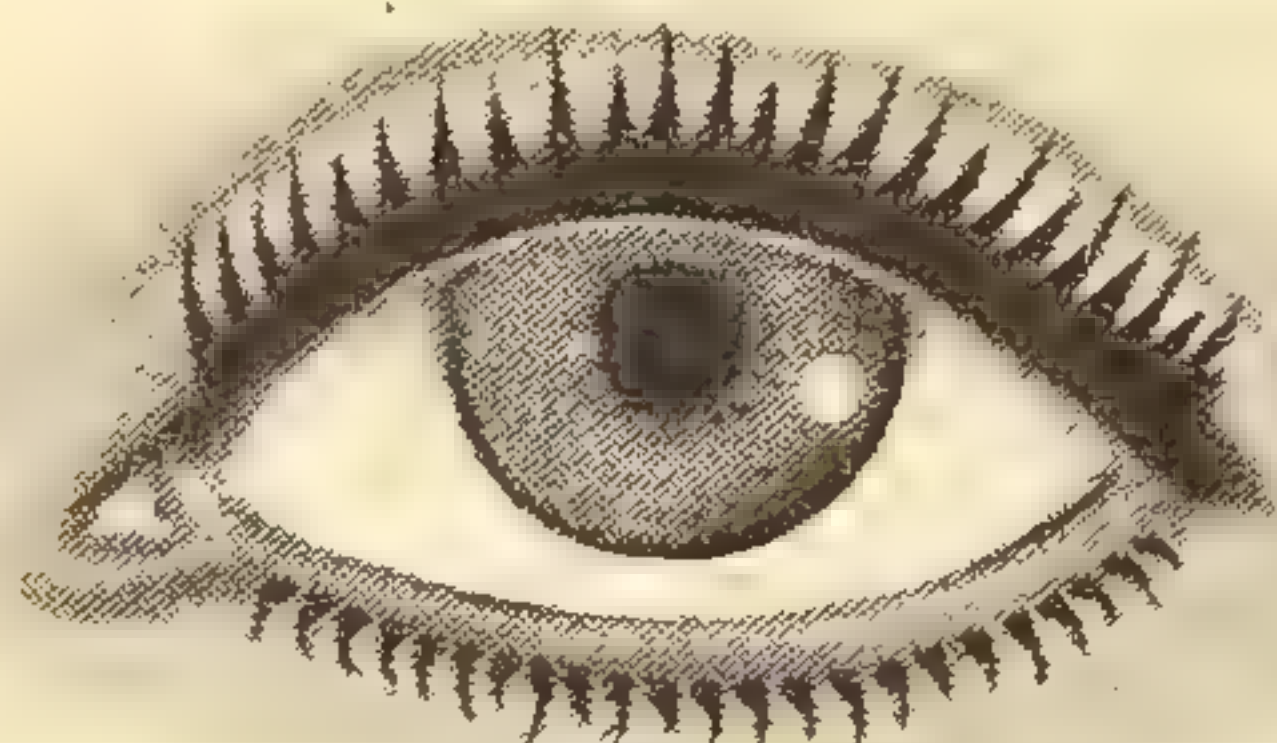
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and if, each day, I can just apply one paragraph from a book to something that is going on or happening in the world, it's like fitting a small piece into that puzzle. Some day I hope to have the puzzle complete and then I'll have the answer to Life—or, at least, in so far as I am concerned."

Lew is one of the most hospitable persons I have ever met. When you're in his home the place is turned over to you. When you are out with him, no one's money is any good but his. Yet, with all that, he entertains less, goes out less than anyone I know.

Very occasionally he has four to eight people in to dinner. Oftener it is only two or three. Occasionally he takes a girl out to dinner, assuring himself beforehand that this time it will be different. Almost invariably he has her home by ten or eleven. "I get sleepy," he says simply. "I guess I'm strictly a 9 o'clock guy with 12 o'clock yearnings."

For a person who loves his home as much as Lew he has less interest—fewer ideas—about fixing up a place than anyone imaginable. During the twelve years I have known him I have watched him move from one apartment to another, from one house to another. When he moved from each, each was exactly the same as it had been on the day he entered it. Nothing changed, nothing moved, nothing added.

His one attempt at interior decorating ended disastrously. It was in the first house he had ever had all to himself. The living room reached from street level to roof. At one end a flight of stairs led to a small balcony off which opened the bedroom and bath. Lew conceived the idea of having a huge altar candle on a mountain of tallow in the corner of the balcony. He burned candles day and night for weeks until he had a mound of tallow three feet high and about five feet in circumference at the base.

A new maid with her own ideas of housecleaning came in and, during Lew's absence, chopped the tallow up and threw it in the trash-can! That ended Lew's decorating flare-up as witness his present home.

The decorator who "did" the place put a large vase in the living room with cat-tails in it, it being fall when he moved in. "These must be changed seasonally," she ordered. "When gladiola or other long-stemmed flowers are in season put them in. When you can't get them, use ivy or some other green vine. Use the cat-tails only when you can't get anything else."

Today—four years later—those same cat-tails stand in the vase. Occasionally Lew and Joe (his general factotum) survey the cat-tails sorrowfully. "These should be changed," they assure each other wistfully—but they never are.

He has a predilection for toothbrushes. He must have three or four dozen, saying that he brushes his teeth often and likes to feel hard bristles against his teeth and gums. They are carefully laid out on a shelf in his bathroom. As he uses a brush it is meticulously placed at the end of the row so that it has time to thoroughly dry out before he gets to it again.

His maid, I think it was the one of the tallow incident, thought the arrangement untidy, got a small vase as a container and gleefully put the toothbrushes in, jumbling their vari-colored handles together in much the same way you arrange a bunch of flowers!

He used to be an ardent hunter and fisherman. Once he was hunting at Catalina and shot a wild hog. It turned out to be a sow and a few minutes later six little weanling pigs came trotting out. "The sow was so thin we couldn't even eat the meat," he observed regretfully, "and there were those six little piglets with no visible means of support. There was nothing to do but kill them, too, before they starved. I felt like a murderer."

To my knowledge he has never fished

nor hunted since then, nor has he ever eaten meat, fish or fowl. He is strictly a vegetarian.

His one consuming passion these days is travel. He has covered Europe two or three times—thoroughly. Last year he made a two months' tour of South America, flying always to save time. Recently, as noted, he toured Alaska.

His latest enthusiasm is a 16-mm. movie camera with which he takes colored films of things he sees on his travels. In one unfurnished room of his home he has complete equipment for cutting, splicing, piecing and editing his films. Each reel emerges a complete continuity in marked contrast to the home movies of most amateur photographers.

Mineralogy also claims a share of his interest at the moment. From wherever he may be he is constantly bringing home strange rocks that have attracted his attention. And, in that unfurnished room, he also has complete equipment for assaying and analyzing those rocks and ores. Afterwards, they are (and some of them are quite sizable boulders placed carefully in his front yard "which," Shirley Ross once remarked unfeelingly, "looks more like a cemetery than a lawn!")

Personally, although he vehemently denies it, I think the part of *Kildare* has influenced Lew's private life. It is only, so far as I know, since he has been playing the character that he has become interested in life and humanity, although he has always been intensely interested in people—if you get the distinction.

In the beginning he resented being cast in a "series." It was after the third of the *Kildare* pictures, I believe, that he was complaining to his mother. "I can't go on playing this part," he protested. "I say practically the same thing and do practically the same thing in all of them. The cases that come before me vary but my part doesn't."

"But, Lew," his mother answered quietly "you can't go through life doing only what you want—taking from it only what you want. Those pictures mean something to a very great many people. You have to consider them."

Lew has never forgotten that. "I realize now," he observed, "one's personal ambitions are unimportant. Look at the muddle the world is in today! And it's all because of the personal ambitions of a few people. They can say their aims are for the good of their countries and countrymen—but I don't believe it. Their own lust for power, glory, fame and personal aggrandizement are behind it all!"

"I wanted to do parts like Robert Montgomery does. I told the heads of the studio I would like to do a picture like 'Rage in Heaven,' but they see fit to continue me in the *Kildare* films. I'm no longer resentful for I feel if that is the sort of thing I do best it is the sort of thing I should keep on doing."

"After all, a picture like 'Rage' only satisfies an actor's ego. It doesn't solve anything. It doesn't even give anyone an uplift. It only demonstrates an actor's ability to play, convincingly, a paranoic!"

"The other evening I was out with Kay Harris who has started a series called 'Tillie, the Toiler.' I said, 'Well, what do you think of pictures now? Do you want to work hard and be an actress?' Kay looked at me a moment and then answered 'I don't know—yet. What I want isn't important. If, by being an actress, I can make people happy, then I should try to become a good actress. If I can make them happier by going on the air, then I should be on the radio. Whatever I can do that will help people forget themselves and their troubles is what I should be doing.' Possibly," he said, "it's a kindred feeling that keeps me playing *Kildare* without protest."

Possibly Lew is resigned to playing *Kildare* without protest but I am not resigned to watching him continue it without protest. Here is one of Hollywood's finest actors continuing year after year in a part, however well he may play it, that permits of no characterization. His talent is being wasted!

The telephone interrupted my musings. I heard him saying, "Oh, I'm sorry. I forgot about the time. I'll be with you in a few minutes."

Where was he going? To meet Kay Harris or some of the other girls he takes out? To look for more rocks? To plan another trip? Business conference? Your guess is as good as mine—and none of us will ever *know*. The Private Life of Dr. Kildare is very private, indeed.

Colleen in Clover

Continued from page 51

Let's point no morals. The agent stuck to his job and finally phoned her that Ford had sent for a print of "The Hunchback." She spent the day telling herself she wouldn't hope. Next day Ford sent for her, gave her tea and talked about Ireland. Maureen loves Ireland, but consigned it to the bottom of the sea that afternoon. Just before she left, he asked whether she could talk with a Welsh accent. She answered him prettily—in a Welsh accent. He said goodbye, thanks for coming. No sooner had she dragged her dejected feet into the house than the phone rang. It was her agent yipping, "You've got it. He wants you for *Angharad*. Without a test." After hugging the cook, the secretary and the part-time maid, Maureen started with *A* and called everybody she knew, straight through her phone book. Correction. She started with *P*, (for Will Price.)

The career, currently climaxed by her lovely *Angharad*, began in Ireland when she was seven, second child of a well-to-do Dublin businessman. "Fatser" the kids called her, if you can believe it. Also Mary Ann. "Mary Ann, your hair is hay, your skin's like an elephant's hide." She took it philosophically. The mirror told her she was large, plump and heavy-boned. Anyway, with five plainspoken brothers and sisters you can't afford to be over-sensitive, though she did sometimes confide in the Lord that she didn't mind being ugly while little, if He'd let her grow up pretty.

At school she learned to dance, sing and recite, and was soon in demand for church bazaars and such. At ten she played *Robin Hood* in the Christmas pantomime, and made up her mind to be an actress. At twelve she was doing radio work. Without much liking the idea, her father offered no active opposition. In the final analysis, whatever his Mawsheen did was all right with him. Her mother approved. Her grandfather, having for sixty-odd years frowned on the stage as the devil's stamping ground, did a right-about-face and braved wind and weather to see her every performance. "That's my grandchild," he would brag to any stranger who would listen.

"That so?" commented one. "Fine pair of legs." Grandfather all but suffocated with pride.

The Abbey Theatre in Dublin is a world-famous institution. Any connection with it hallows you to professional eyes. To become a student, you must pass a series of stiff exams. Being so-and-so's daughter won't help. If you're still in the running after a couple of years of apprenticeship, you may get a bit part and eventually replace a member of the regular company who leaves. Members who leave are looked upon as renegades.

You're fit to be tied!...



WHAT A DAY! Words with mother over that perfume you charged...late to your first class...and now this!

Actually, you're afraid to think of tonight!

That blonde tigress had a gleam in her eye last time...what if she stalks your "Mr. Big" in earnest? Can you charm that prom bid out of him?... *feeling the way you do?*

Well, calm yourself! There's little excuse for letting trying days of the month ruin a sunny disposition!

Say goodbye to glooms!

Look around you...other girls *always* seem to be carefree and gay, regardless of days circled on their calendars.

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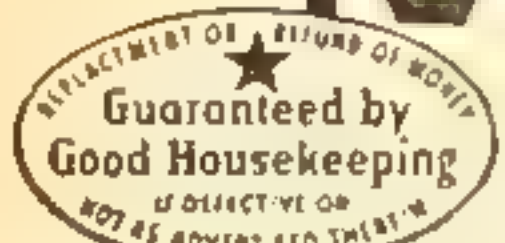


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At fourteen Maureen was accepted as a student. At sixteen she was playing bits. At seventeen she was cast in her first lead, and quit.

She had no intention of quitting. A lead with *The Abbey* marked the dazzling goal of her ambitions. She'd never looked beyond it. But she went to her first dance, and at her first dance she met Mr. Harry Richman. He said howdyado, she said howdyado, they shook hands and parted. That was the first and last she ever saw of him. But he went back to London and told a movie producer he'd seen a young goddess with red hair and hazel eyes—because Fatser was no longer Fatser, the Lord having been good and having answered her prayers and then some.

A letter, addressed to her at *The Abbey*, asked for some pictures, which she sent. What could she lose? A more urgent letter followed, suggesting that she come right down for a test. She felt that was overdoing it. But a valued old friend—an actress at the Gate Theatre (rivals of *The Abbey*)—talked her into going, on the principle that if you pass any door held open, you may live to regret it. She'd be gone only a few days. *The Abbey*, distinctly annoyed, agreed to put off the play till she got back.

BIP tested her and offered her a seven-year-contract. She wired her father and sighed with relief when he wired back, "Come right home," taking the onus of decision off her shoulders and making it her duty to do exactly what she wanted to do. Meantime a member of the fast-working tribe of agents had tracked her down. "It's no use," she said. "I'm going home tomorrow night."

"Do me a personal favor. There's one person I want you to meet before you go."

He steered her to an office and opened a door. Sensation. Charles Laughton and Erich Pommer. They seemed to think she wasn't bad either and after some talk, Pommer handed her a script. "We'd like you to read the part now."

"Now! How on earth can I give an intelligent reading when I don't even know what the girl's about? If you like, I'll take it home and come back and read it."

Not that she meant to be cocky. Trained to *Abbey* methods, she was merely pointing out the reasonable procedure. The gentlemen made their goodbyes polite, and she went home to Ireland. Next day Laughton sneaked off by himself to see the BIP test, and decided he'd been crazy ever to consider the girl. They'd daubed her with makeup, slicked back her hair and poured her seventeen-year-old body into gold lamé. Knowing it was all wrong, Maureen had been too timid to protest. What did it matter anyway, she was going back.

But her face, as he'd seen it, continued to haunt Laughton till he got mad and told Pommer to go see the test. The director phoned him in a rage. "What do you mean, wasting my time on that drivel? I hate the test and I hate the girl, and I don't want to hear any more about either." Their meeting next morning was moody and silent. Till Pommer turned on his friend. "Is it her fault if they made her up like a gargoyle? Let's send for that kid."

So *The Abbey* washed its hands of her in disgust, and she made "Jamaica Inn" with Laughton. Word got around that a baby was being brought in to play the lead, which so touched the kind hearts of the cast that they all vowed to help her. After the first day's rushes, they decided she didn't need any help. Her parents came down for the première and, like most players seeing themselves for the first time, Maureen thought she was awful. Except—"It's a terrible thing to admit," she admits, "but there was one shot, in a beaver bonnet and little curls, where I thought I looked pretty. Don't hold it against me."

Don't hold it against her.

Back to Dublin, but not for long. One Saturday night came a phone call. "Be in London Monday morning, ready to sail for America Wednesday. Hollywood's going to test you for a picture with Charles Laughton."

The next few days were bedlam. Packing all night, goodbye to the whole tribe except her mother who was going along—the only condition her father made. Dashing from office to office in London, getting visas and passports, a million people saying do this, do that, Maureen in a daze doing it, a single thought clear in her head, she was going to Hollywood. Only a movie montage could do it justice.

A whirling montage in which a boy appeared, pleading with her to marry him before she left. He was one of several with whom she'd gone out in London. He kept saying, you've got to marry me, if you marry me, I can stand your going away, if not—never mind, you've got to marry me, Maureen. Why she did it she still can't explain. She liked him, she felt sorry for him, she was too tired to fight, she was caught in a kind of hypnosis, doing what people told her to do.

On Tuesday afternoon she stood in a registry office and was married to him. On the Queen Mary Wednesday she woke with dismay to what she'd done and wept out the story on her mother's shoulder. Mrs. O'Hara tried to suppress her own consternation. This wasn't like Maureen, who had always been a romanticist about marriage—the one man, orange blossoms, bridal veils, *Lohengrin*, forever and ever. She tried to comfort her daughter. "We'll have it annulled." Which brought a fresh flood of tears. "But I never wanted to be married and have it annulled. It all sounds so wrong."

As a member of Laughton's party, she was feted in New York. She and her mother went on to Hollywood alone but, having read stories, she looked for at least one executive to meet the train with at least one bouquet of flowers. They were met by a boy from the publicity department without flowers, whisked to a hotel and told to appear at the studio at three. Maureen didn't know where the studio was. She called a taxi, was deposited at the gate and could get no farther. She'd forgotten the name of the man she'd been told to ask for.

"But I tell you they're waiting for me inside."

The cop grew weary. "Look, lady, you ain't the first gatecrasher pulled that gag. Who's waitin'? All I'm askin's the name an' I'll give him a ring."

Pan Berman happened to come by, rescued her and took her to Dieterle, who shook a dubious head, decided she was pretty tall, measured her against the doorpost, and turned her over to a hairdresser with injunctions to leave her hair as it was, just brush it up. "I know exactly what to do," said the hairdresser firmly.

Maureen was scared—of Dieterle who thought she was too tall, of the hairdresser who knew her business. She wondered if hairdressers ever boxed players' ears. "My hair's terribly curly," she ventured weakly. "Would you please wind it loose, else it'll fuzz." The girl wound it tight, and presented Dieterle with a finished golliwog.

"Take her back," he stormed. "Stick her under the shower."

"There goes the part," thought Maureen.

At six they tested. At ten she crawled into bed, too tired to care. Next morning they told her it was just a hair test, she'd been cast as *Esmeralda* in "The Hunchback" before she left England.

If her professional life was arid between "The Hunchback" and "Valley," her personal life wasn't. She met Will Price, a young stage director brought up from the



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with by Selznick as technical adviser on "One With the Wind," now a dialogue director. They fell in love. Long before it happened, the machinery for annulment of her marriage that was no marriage had been set in motion. Communication was difficult because of the war. Not till late last summer was the last legal tie broken in Reno. Scheduled to play opposite Tyrone Power in "Son of Fury," Maureen was to have left Reno on a Tuesday. On Saturday she was rushed to the hospital for an appendix operation. Twelve months earlier, missing the part would have been a calamity. Now it mattered less. Twentieth Century-Fox had bought part of her contract from RKO. She's lined up for "Shores of Tripoli" with John Payne and for "Gentlemen from West Point" with Vic Mature. A year ago she was doing the begging, now the shoe's on the other foot. After writing her parents for their blessing, and consulting her pseudo-godfathers, Hammer and Laughton, she and Will decided to announce their engagement at a party for a group of their closest friends who include Anna Lee and her director-husband, Robert Stevenson, Gene Tierney, Oleg Cassini, Olivia de Havilland, Martha O'Driscoll. They plan to be married early next spring. Meantime Maureen lives in a rented house just outside Beverly with Florence (called Honey) O'Neill, her secretary-companion, acquired when Mrs. O'Hara left. Honey's duties include marketing, sending out the laundry and doing the dirty work on the phone. Now that Maureen's engagement has been announced, the wolves have scattered. Since they first met, she's had time for no one but Will. She's not a party girl, prefers good food cooked at home and eaten in peace by candle- and firelight. She doesn't smoke or drink. June 5th was the

last time she saw Ciro's. A night club is a place where smoke gets in her eyes and people bump her on the dance floor.

She and Will would rather dance to the radio or play gin rummy (she's beaten him once). They're both music-lovers and when they go out, it's to symphonies or the movies. They have private concerts at home, Maureen singing and accompanying herself on one finger.

For an actress, she boasts some curious accomplishments—can tailor a suit, take shorthand (Pitman) at a hundred and twenty words a minute, made all her own lingerie when girls wore lingerie and still trims her own hats. To the nuns whose school she attended, there was no such thing as a child who couldn't sew. From the age of nine you made one of your summer dresses and though it looked like the wrath of God, you wore it.

She loves to swim and ride, but doesn't ride because of a bad spill. The sight of a horse breaks her heart, since she mounted her first at the age of two, and she scorns herself for a coward, but still doesn't ride. She paints and reads poetry for pleasure, and her favorite book of all time is Kenneth Grahame's "Wind in the Willows." She chatters like a magpie, hates to travel, adores bargains and considers that day well spent which sees her pay fifty dollars for something they tell her is worth seven hundred, though she knows it isn't.

Her favorite occupation is pure laziness, classified under the head of daydreaming. She spends long lovely hours sitting in a chair and regarding the ceiling. Rests her soul, she says. As a youngster her pet dream revolved about the day when all the newspapers acclaimed her the world's greatest actress, at which point she would bow gracefully and retire. Her current dreams have to do with wedding bells and veils and orange blossoms and forever and ever after Mrs. Will Price.

Barbara Stanwyck (Strip)- Teases Gary Cooper!

Barbara Talks About Gary

Continued from page 22

long legs stretched out in front of him. Cooper was sleeping the beautiful sleep of the blessed. What an easy conscience he must have, I thought. And not a worry in the world.

"Once more," called Director Howard Hawks. And once more Gene Krupa and his boys tore into a hot jive number called "Drum Boogie." Once more the hundreds of dress extras applauded enthusiastically from night-club tables. Our Mr. Cooper didn't even twitch an eyelash.

"I've always heard that Gary could sleep on a set," I said to Barbara. "His sleeping is almost as famous as his whittling. But I never knew before that he was this good."

"Oh, this is nothing," said Barbara. "You should have seen him in the Los Angeles ice-house where we did those scenes for 'Meet John Doe.' It was twenty degrees below freezing and everybody was running around blowing on their fingers, stamping their feet, and trying to find an extra blanket—but not Coop. He just sat down in a corner, without even a blanket around him, and went fast to sleep. After quaking and chattering for three days in that ice-house I had to go to the hospital to be defrosted. But Coop never felt better."

"But just because he knows how to relax—which is something I wish I knew—don't get the idea that Coop is lazy. I got that



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idea once. I had met him casually at several parties, but I didn't really know Coop when we started work last year on 'Meet John Doe,' which was my first picture with him. All that first day on the set he sat around as if he were in a dream. During the rehearsals I noticed that he wasn't sure of his lines, he'd sort of fumble around and expect me to come to his rescue. 'There is a guy,' I said to myself on the way home that night, 'who doesn't care. He's famous. And he's got plenty of money. He just doesn't give a darn.' That shows how dumb I am.

"Next morning I found out about Gary Cooper. All the time during those rehearsals when he appeared so lazy and disinterested he was figuring out bits of business—something with a string, or a straw, or maybe just a match. He never lets you know what this bit of business is going to be at rehearsals—it always comes as a complete surprise when the camera is shooting. As soon as I see Coop pulling out that piece of string I say to myself, 'Uh-huh, there goes my scene.' Coop lazy? He's just about the smartest guy in town!"

Barbara was called on the set to do a close-up, and I leaned against a water cooler and watched. She is one of my most favorite people. Whenever you are around Barbara you have a feeling that a good time is inevitable. Originally, Barbara was supposed to be a strip-teaser in a burlesque show who thoroughly shocks staid Professor Cooper by tossing a fragile bit of wearing apparel in his lap. But the Hays Office (those kill-joys) took a look at the script and said no, emphatically. So now Barbara swings her hips and her verses in Gene Krupa's night-club. (Don't tell the Hays Office but there is a lot of the Stanwyck midriff showing.)

While they were re-loading the camera we made for the scant comfort of her dressing room. Barbara, however, is not one to rush away to her dressing room between scenes, like a lot of stars, as if she were afraid someone might speak to her. "I'm always afraid someone mightn't," says Barbara, "so I stick around."

"The only fault Coop has on a set," she continued on the subject of Massa Cooper, "is that he is never on time. I overplay the on-time act and consequently am always ahead of time. In fact, some people who have seen me wandering around a studio in the early morning have accused me of making a little extra money on the side—by sweeping off the stages. By nine o'clock I'm made up, have my lines down pat, and am ready to start—but no Coop. I used to try to work myself into a good fury, but it was no use. As soon as he wandered on the set, smiled that smile of his, and said, 'Good morning, Barbara,' I just melted. You can't be angry with Coop. It's no use trying. And he really isn't being inconsiderate when he keeps you waiting. He's just being Coop. It's typical of his slow Western manner. He never does anything in a hurry."

"I think he is most completely happy when he is out riding with the cowboys up in Idaho—or when he and Rocky are on one of their hunting trips. Now that the duck season is going full tilt they are urging Bob and me to go duck-shooting with them as soon as the picture is finished. Bob is crazy to go. He and Coop speak the same language. But I loathe duck-shooting. Imagine sitting out in one of those blinds all day with ice water oozing all around you and those cold blasts of wind congealing your blood! Doesn't it sound horrible? I couldn't bear to kill anything."

"Coop is simply insane over his little daughter, Maria. She is four years old, has Coop's blue eyes, and is as husky as a baby bear. She has a six-months-old Boxer dog, and the two of them together are a riot. Maria is just as crazy about the outdoors

as Coop is, and he takes her hunting and riding with him all the time. By the time she's in her teens she will be the best shot and the best rider in this country. Coop tries not to show how proud he is, but you can't be around him very long that he doesn't pull out those pictures."

"Coop has a perfectly swell sense of humor. He has been taking an awful lot from me on this picture, I've really been kidding him terribly. But he's a grand guy, realizes it's all in fun, and never gets sore. For instance, he was down on his knees proposing to me for a scene the other day and when he got up his knees cracked. 'Brother,' I said, 'I can't wait to see you play Lou Gehrig and run around those bases.' A lot of actors I know would be pretty annoyed at that. But Coop wasn't. He laughed right out loud."

It was time for Barbara to rehearse a love scene with Professor Cooper. While she was running over her lines I made my way across the set to the stage door. Gary I noticed, was awake. Furthermore, he was chatting with his stand-in, Slim Talbot, and tying knots in a rope that Slim had swung over his arm, cowboy-fashion. "Poor Barbara," I said, "there goes her love scene." If he can steal scenes with string, think what he can do with a rope.

Gary Talks About Barbara

Continued from page 23

into the great silences with Gary. He's the kind of a guy who likes to take his time even with words. While he whittled, looked around. Mr. Cooper may be one of our high bracket stars, but there was certainly nothing swanky about his dressing room. On his make-up table there were clutter of papers, the lines for his next scene, a half-munched candy bar, and the body of a plane. Deftly he slipped the wings into a groove, and beamed.

"This is for Maria," he said. "I promised to bring her home a plane tonight. She's a smart kid, pardon my fatherly pride. She's only four, but she knows more about planes than I do. I think these wings are too large, don't you?" More whittling.

"Here's your tea, Mr. Cooper," said one of the boys on the set, placing a steaming cup in Gary's hand. I glanced out the door and saw that the entire "Ball of Fire" company had knocked off for four o'clock tea. "You take this," Gary insisted rather pathetically. "I don't like tea. I only drink because I'm bored." I told him that I could do without tea, but that I could certainly do with a little more Stanwyck.

"Sure, that's easy." Gary took two sips of tea, made a face, and pushed it aside in disgust. "Barbara is the best-liked person I've ever played in pictures with. He thoughtfulness, believe me, is strictly on the level. She's not the kind who makes flash. You know, and I know, a lot of actresses who do thoughtful things—occasionally. For the effect. Or the publicity. Barbara's thoughtfulness is the twenty-four hours-a-day, every-day-in-the-year kind."

"It would be silly to try to tell all the nice things I've seen Barbara do on this picture. Yesterday, for example, she was trying on shoes that had been sent her from Saks-Fifth Avenue. One of the girls on the set commented on how beautiful the shoes were, and said that she wouldn't know how to wear shoes that cost more than two ninety-five. This morning I heard shrieks coming from Barbara's dressing room. She rushed in, expecting at least an ax murder, but it was only this girl being presented with a half dozen of Saks' very best shoes."

"My favorite story about Barbara happened on the 'Meet John Doe' set over

Warner Brothers. One of the wardrobe women there brought a dress down to the set that Barbara was to wear in the next scene. An executive, who was feeling his importance, noticed that a button was missing, or a pleat was out of order, or something. Anyway, it held up production, and the guy started giving the poor woman hell. He was shouting, and she was crying—and Barbara walked in. 'Why get so excited, everybody makes mistakes,' said Barbara. 'By the way, how long have you been here, Molly?' The woman sobbed that she had been there fourteen years. 'Fourteen years! That's a long time,' said Barbara. 'And how long have you been here?' she inquired of the perspiring executive. 'Five months,' he snapped. 'Well!' said Barbara. 'I've never heard such a significant 'well.'

"Barbara's a darn good actress. Everybody knows that. I thought she was swell in 'Union Pacific.' Didn't you? She should have had an Academy Award for 'Stella Dallas.' She'll get one yet. She has a lot of enthusiasm for her work, and I've never seen any actress work as hard, and with as few complaints. What I like about her is that she's so darned human—when Barbara gets mad she gets good and mad. I'll never forget the scores we did in the ice-house for 'John Doe.' The colder she got, the madder she got. I didn't blame her. It was twenty below and they made her wear a sheer nightgown. She stood it as long as she could, and then she blew up. It was magnificent.

"Being quiet, I've discovered, annoys her almost as much as being cold. Barbara likes a gay set. She likes to kid and have fun. Quiet seems to depress her. I think 'Ball of Fire' got her down the first few days. Howard Hawks works very quietly, and so does Greg Toland, and everybody was whispering and tiptoeing around. On the

third day Barbara said, 'What's all this about, Coop? Is somebody dead? I'm going to burst out in a yell any minute now!' I told her to go right ahead.

"Barbara's not nearly as hard-boiled as she pretends to be. She doesn't fool me. At heart she's a real softie. She and Taylor are supposed to go duck-shooting with Rocky and me as soon as we finish this picture. But I bet you a pretty penny she will find some excuse not to go. I told her she didn't have to worry about killing any ducks. She can't even hit the side of a barn."

Gary got up to try out his plane. It flew from door to candy bar quite neatly. "I think it's a Spitfire, don't you?" he said, admiring his handiwork. "Wonder if I've got time to start another one."

"Just for fun," I said, "give me one good criticism of Barbara before I go. There must be something about her that makes you shudder."

Gary gave me that slow Sergeant York grin. "Yes," he drawled, "she embarrasses me when we are out dancing. Barbara is a beautiful dancer. And I never saw anyone get as much fun out of dancing as she does. She can do the rumba and the conga, and jive, and swing and boogie-woogie, all those complicated dances. And no matter how many men there are at the table when the orchestra at a night-club starts playing one of those hot jitterbug numbers she grabs hold of me and starts shaking it. I'm a lousy dancer. I can't even do a good waltz. People stare and it's embarrassing. When I beg her to sit down she just says that she will have me cutting a rug before the winter's over."

"Ready, Coop," the assistant director called from the doorway. Gary stopped his whistling, told me goodbye, and went out on the set to do a stint for Mr. Goldwyn.

"The Shanghai Gesture"

Continued from page 27

the lobes of her small ears, far too many jewels for a girl as young and evidently well-born as she was. But though the astute eyes saw that this girl was not the kind who usually came to this place, they recognized too the restlessness which clung to her like an aura, the smouldering intensity of her smoky gray-green eyes, staring at Dr. Omar as he leaned nonchalantly against the bar, staring as feminine eyes always stared at the young Levantine, with her full mouth looking like a pomegranate ripe for the plucking. Then the girl turned back to her escort.

"Please, don't call me Victoria," she pouted. Strange the way she had thought of herself as Poppy from the first moment she came into this place, strange how she felt she belonged here. How incredibly naïve that school in Switzerland seemed, how naïve all her life seemed, so silly and sheltered and unexciting here in this place which caught so at her imagination. "The other places were like kindergarten compared to this. It smells so incredibly evil. I didn't think such a place could exist, and yet it has a ghastly familiarity like a half-remembered dream. Anything could happen here, any moment!"

"It's happening right now," her escort grinned. "Wow, here comes the War Lord of the Chinese underworld straight for us. She is, I am reliably informed, the Devil's chief assistant in charge of the Shanghai sector. Do you want to meet her, Victoria?"

The girl had no alternative, for Mother Gin Sling was already at the table. "This is my place," she said. "I hope you'll find in



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it everything you desire. And will you be kind enough to give me your name?"

"My name is Smith," Poppy smiled. "Poppy Smith. And this is my brother."

"Your name is not Smith," Mother Gin Sling said. "And he's not your brother."

"That's beastly clever of you." The girl's escort laughed. "And it's awfully nice of you to join us. I've promised, er, Miss Smith a thrill and by Jove, here it is. What'll you have?"

"Thank you. I don't drink."

"You don't drink?" Poppy looked at her startled. "Mother Gin Sling? Is your name Chinese or English?"

"Gin Sling is English." The woman smiled a little wryly. "It's a nickname as common in this part of the world as the drink sold over the counter."

"But why Gin Sling?" Poppy persisted. "Why not Whiskey Soda?"

"There was a girl called Whiskey Soda," Mother Gin Sling said easily. "And one that was called Miss Martini and one Scotch Highball and another Benedictine. Fashions change in names. In other places I might have been called Rose or Violet or Lily or," she looked at the girl pointedly, "even Poppy. Excuse me. I have work to do."

The girl's eyes smouldered, but her escort laughed. "Well, you asked for it, Poppy!" she said.

But the girl wasn't listening. Her eyes were staring, fascinated, at Dr. Omar who was coming towards them with that easy assurance of his. "Any relation to the poet Omar?" she asked as he introduced himself. Then with her eyes still seeking his, she quoted from Omar Khayyam. "A book of verses underneath the bough . . ."

"A loaf of bread, a jug of wine and thou beside me singing in the wilderness." Omar completed the stanza, his voice slurred over with tenderness, and suddenly Poppy couldn't meet his gaze any longer. "From now on I'll be here every evening waiting for you."

"I'm afraid I won't come here again," the girl said quickly, and for the first time in her life she felt afraid. Not of the moment but of something beyond the moment, something shadowy and unreal.

"Then I'll have to take steps to wipe out your image." The very humbleness of Omar's voice was part of his expert flattery and as Poppy's escort looked on as if he did not know how to handle the situation at all, Omar held out his hand to her and helped her to her feet. "This is one of the steps," he said as he escorted her to the roulette table. "Why not try your luck?"

"What do you do?" Poppy said, her eyes fascinated as she watched the wheel spin. "Isn't it complicated? How do you play it?"

"Oh, you can play odd or even," Omar said casually, "black or red or just put a few coins on a number and . . . like this. I'll show you." He winked at the croupier as he placed some money on a number and laughed as it won and the croupier raked a much larger sum than he had risked toward him.

"Oh, you're marvelous!" Poppy said excitedly. Suddenly she found her hands trembling as she opened her bag and put some money on a number. "It's so exciting!"

Mother Gin Sling's eyes narrowed as she saw the girl sweep the money she had won to another place on the board. "I must find out who she is," she thought. "I like her. She has spirit." Then she tensed as the telephone rang and she nodded toward Hawkins to close the door of her office as she answered it. But she forgot the other door leading to the hall and the little blonde chorus girl waiting there.

"The whole district has been sold," she said grimly as she hung up the receiver again. "The number one man is named Sir

Guy Charteris. Now it's easy." She turned to the comprador. "Find out when he arrived and where he's from. Find his mistakes, every man makes them. If he is successful he makes many. See if there is anybody in Shanghai who knows him!"

A girl's excited voice said, "I know him!" and Mother Gin Sling was shaken out of her usual calm as she saw Dixie Pomeroy come into the office.

"Sit down." She gave the girl a long appraising look. "Tell me what you know about this Charteris."

"Well," Dixie twisted her legs around each other as if she were trying to conceal the ugly runs in her stockings, "before I had to beachcomb in Shanghai, we had a swell little leg show in Singapore. We started out in 'Frisco. Some agent soft-soaped us across the Atlantic to Marseilles and some of the kids were lost there. Then we went to Cairo and most of the others are still walking up and down the pyramids."

"Never mind the others." Mother Gin Sling shrugged impatiently. "How do you happen to know Charteris?"

"I met him in Singapore. He invites me to have dinner with him at one of the joints." She giggled then. "I bring along one of my girl friends to referee 'cause you never know what you're up against in the clinches. Anyway, it wasn't necessary. He turned out to be a gentleman, bought me pop and orchids. But I had to see him on the Q. T. He's a big shot. Men like that keep us in the ice-box. Besides, he's got a daughter."

"A daughter?" Mother Gin Sling looked at her sharply. "How old is she?"

"About my age, I guess," Dixie said vaguely. "That's why he couldn't see me any more. He said his daughter was joining him from a school in Switzerland. So he gave me some money and I invested it in a ruby which turned out to be a phony."

She looked down at the stone which looked like a drop of blood on her finger and smiled complacently. But Mother Gin Sling wasn't thinking of the stone. That girl, with her obvious breeding and that so evident naïvete for all her self-assurance, that girl with the silly name she had trumped up for herself, could she be the daughter? Well, she could soon find out.

"What does he look like?" she asked, and now there was almost eagerness in her voice, usually so well contained.

"Oh, he's O. K.," Dixie said. "Tallish, about fifty, shoulders, has a good line, knows what he wants and once in a while his arms reach to the ceiling for no reason at all. Just likes to stretch, I guess."

Strange how a mannerism can mean so much more than any other description. Out of the years came a memory of a man, young then, tallish, with strong shoulders and that idiotic way of lifting his arms over his head. How she had laughed at him sometimes and how she had remembered that gesture through all these years, through all the heartache and turmoil, remembered it better than she had his eyes or his mouth or his laugh. But that man had called himself Dawson.

"His eyes were blue," Mother Gin Sling said suddenly. "Weren't they?" And then as the girl nodded, "Are you certain his name was Sir Guy Charteris?"

"Oh, yes." The girl's voice was emphatic. "His picture was in the paper once. He's the real thing, all right. Wait a minute. Maybe I can find the clipping. I saved it."

She opened her shabby bag and a small bottle fell out which she vainly tried to hide as she gave the other woman the clipping. Mother Gin Sling looked at the picture and again the years went hurtling away and she was young and the man was young too. But she gave no sign of what she felt as she turned to the girl again.

"What's in that bottle?" she demanded

"Oh." The girl's mouth set itself in a stubborn line. "Some water from the Hudson River."

"To remind you of your home?"

"No." The girl looked away. "To make me forget it. For good."

"You can forget that nonsense." The older woman smiled inscrutably. "From now on I have work for you."

She rose then and walked into the salon. The evening was really beginning now. All the tables were crowded and over at the far end of the room she saw Omar and the girl, Poppy, still fascinated by the new game. But even the excitement of the play couldn't equal the excitement that held her as she smiled up at the handsome young Levantine. That was good, Mother Gin Sling decided grimly, that was very good. She couldn't have managed this beginning better if she had planned it from the first. And there were five weeks until the Chinese New Year. Anything could happen in that time. *Anything at all.* She saw Omar glancing at her then and her eyelashes flickered almost imperceptibly but the man understood.

"Careful." He turned to the girl again. "You'll break the bank."

"Aren't you proud of me?" Poppy demanded as she stuffed the chips in her bag, laughing as she deposited the overflow in his pockets. "Am I not a good pupil?"

"Either that or it's beginner's luck." He smiled.

"This is the beginning and the end." Poppy sounded so sure of herself. "I'm not going to play any more. Otherwise I'd be here for good."

"What's wrong with that?" Omar asked, and there was promise in his eyes just as there was in his voice. "Do you know a better way to spend your life?"

Again there was that feeling, almost of fear, as the girl looked at him. "There's one thing you don't know about me," she said evenly. "I can stop whenever I want to. Let's get out for a ride. I need fresh air. Gracious!" The excitement came back in her voice again. "I didn't know I had won so much!"

But she couldn't stop. She came back night after night and always there was the twin madness waiting for her, the roulette wheel and Omar's eyes and his voice and his hands making her thrill to his touch. She hadn't won since that first night, but losing had made her even more a slave than winning had. She had lost so much, all that money her father had given her, and she didn't dare risk his questioning to go to him for more. It seemed so important, that money, her father's annoyance so frightening. If she risked just a little more she would regain everything. She was trembling as she placed the last of her money on the black.

"Ah, love!" Omar smiled down at her lazily. "Could you and I with fate conspire, to grasp this sorry scheme of things entire, would we not shatter it to bits..."

Poppy turned to him, laughing a little shakily. She had the odd feeling of being caught in a gigantic kaleidoscope in which the chips and the wheel and the red and black squares and Omar's voice breaking in tenderness as he recited from that other Omar's verses whirled around her.

"Speaking of bits," she said tensely as the wheel turned, "I've just bet ten thousand of your local shekels."

"Boy." Omar beckoned to a servant, ignoring the frantic undercurrent in her voice. "A bottle of champagne, Lanson '21, and add it to Miss Smith's bill."

"Red!" the croupier called as the wheel stopped. But Omar gave no indication that he noticed the girl's distress as he waited for the champagne. He poured her a glass when it came and watched as she drank it down greedily. It had not taken her long to



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know the courage champagne could bring,
 but now she needed another glass before
 she could stop her voice from trembling.
 "That was the last of the Mohicans,"
 she said then.

"Now is the time to go after it." Omar
 dropped his air of lazy indifference. His
 voice was urgent, full of confidence as
 she opened her empty bag and showed it to
 him. "What about that rope of beads
 around your neck, my plucked bird of
 Paradise?"

"I couldn't do that," she shuddered. "My
 father gave it to me."

"What do you care?" Omar grinned.
 "Buy it back when you've won. Your luck
 is bound to change."

"You mean to get worse!" Poppy's voice
 rose desperately. "I'm beginning to think
 I'll never win." Suddenly she caught her
 breath. "I wonder, can I get a good price
 for it?"

"My dear Miss Smith," Omar laughed as
 he pretended outrage. "Your question in-
 sults the house. We buy and sell every-
 thing in the most honorable manner." He
 lifted his fingers to her throat, pressing
 them against it lightly as he unloosened
 the clasp of her necklace. "You're a beauti-
 ful woman, Poppy." How well he knew the
 strength of softness at the right moment!
 "This sparkle is artificial. You don't need
 it."

Her rings, her bracelets, the little clusters
 of jewels from her ears followed the brace-
 let, but still she came back night after
 night. And Mother Gin Sling smiled as she
 saw her, her eyes not slumbering now as
 they had been in the beginning but glit-
 tering, avid, desperate, as she turned from
 watching the wheel to seek Omar. He was
 not with her so much now. More and more
 his eyes followed Dixie, so pretty and pert
 now in the clothes that had been bought
 for her, paying for them by playing the
 game Mother Gin Sling had ordered her to
 play, yet feeling his charm too, even as she
 played it.

It was then Poppy knew it wasn't only
 her money she had lost or her pretty glit-
 tering baubles. It was more than that, so
 much more that it sickened her to think of
 it and yet she couldn't do anything about
 it. She had always been so sure of her-
 self, so proud, but now her sureness was
 gone and her pride too as she stumbled
 over to Omar sitting at the bar with Dixie.

"Were you paying for the drinks?"
 Poppy demanded coldly after Dixie had
 taken one look at her burning eyes and
 sauntered away. "Or was she paying?"

Omar shrugged, and now there was no
 tenderness in his eyes or his smile either.
 "I can say with pride that I've never paid
 for anything in my life."

"And do you think you can keep up that
 enviable record?" Poppy demanded. Sud-
 denly her voice broke as she appealed to
 him. "You're not going to make me jeal-
 ous, are you, Omar?"

She felt so frightened, so desperate. She
 needed him so much now; his reassurance,
 his casual tenderness, his love, whatever
 it meant or didn't mean. All that money she
 had lost, all that money she owed to that
 inscrutable, smiling, yellow woman who
 owned the place. Over fifty thousand dol-
 lars already, haunted her through sleepless
 nights. But if Omar would only be the way
 he had been in the beginning she could pull
 herself together and win that back some-
 how and be free again and maybe even
 happy, the way she used to be. She gulped
 down a glass of raw whiskey, for cham-
 pagne only seemed to make her feel worse.

"Now don't make a scene," Omar said as
 she tried to put her arms around him.
 Funny the way women were, so elusive in
 the beginning, running away, and then how
 quickly it became they who pursued and
 who fell to their knees begging. "How can
 you be jealous of a little chorus girl who

doesn't even own the clothes on her back?"

"Don't play with me," Poppy said des-
 perately. "I won't stand for it. I've watched
 you both for an hour."

"No wonder you lose." He shrugged in-
 differently. "Why don't you watch your
 game?" His lightness went then as she
 leaned forward and grasped his arm, her
 nails digging through his sleeve. He shook
 her off impatiently and his voice became
 almost a snarl. "I know your nails are
 sharp, but is this the time and place to
 show your affection?"

"I told you not to play with me!" Poppy
 cried. Suddenly she picked up her glass and
 flung the whiskey into his face. Then as
 he stared at her coldly she broke again.
 "Please forgive me, Omar. I didn't mean
 it. Maybe I had too much to drink. I'm
 sorry, don't be angry with me."

He looked at her and for a moment her
 heart waited. Then she relaxed as he smiled
 and put his arm around her again. And
 Mother Gin Sling watched them for a while
 before she turned and went into her office,
 that secret smile on her lips. Everything
 was coming out right, *everything*, she de-
 cided as she sent for Hawkins and the
 comprador.

"Sit down," she said as the men came in.
 Then turning to Hawkins, "I want you to
 send out some invitations for our New
 Year's dinner. Formal."

"Very good." Hawkins bowed. "White
 tie chow." Then as if startled by a sudden
 thought, "You're not going to close on New
 Year's Eve, are you?"

"I'm only closing a chapter of my life."
 Mother Gin Sling smiled enigmatically.
 "To begin with, to give the occasion some
 tone, Lady Blessington."

"She won't come." Hawkins shook his
 head. "It's easier to have the late Empress
 Dowager."

"She'll come," Mother Gin Sling said
 softly. "Then see that Van Aalst, de
 Michot and Jackson are here and the
 Marchese and Marchesa di Mondragone.
 And put down Sir Guy Charteris."

"I say." Hawkins looked up. "Aren't
 you putting me to a lot of unnecessary
 trouble? You'll have an empty table."

"It will not be empty." Her voice was
 quiet. "They will come. All of them. See
 to the invitations at once."

She disregarded the comprador as she
 opened the drawer of her desk and took
 out what could have been a table for a
 doll's house and a box of small images
 which could have been the dolls which
 would inhabit the house and began setting
 them around the table. But the comprador
 was shocked out of his sleepy indifference
 as he saw what those dolls really were,
 miniature replicas of the guests she was
 inviting to her dinner.

"You're plotting your revenge like an
 engineer," he said, frowning at the image
 of himself he picked up to examine more
 closely. "But these blue prints could have
 been more flattering."

"You'll be on my left." She took the doll
 from him and put it beside the one repre-
 senting herself. Then she picked up the
 one that was Sir Guy and for once the
 mask was gone from her face, leaving it
 livid with hatred. "He'll sit there opposite
 me." Then she turned as one of the men
 from her cashier's office came in.

"She wants fifty thousand more," he said.

"Give it to her." Mother Gin Sling's
 voice rose impatiently. "I told you to give
 Miss Smith anything she wants. No limits
 whatever." She picked up the small doll
 that was Poppy as the man left the room.
 "And she'll sit there," she said, placing her
 at the table. Then she laughed, wildly, dis-
 cordantly, as she crushed the doll in her
 hand and the sound of the plaster head
 breaking was like the sound of bone and
 flesh being crushed. Then quickly she rose
 and walked into the other room.

Poppy had left the roulette table again and was sitting at the bar alone. There was hardly any trace left of that pretty girl who had come there first those short weeks ago.

"Bring me some brandy and sulphur for a change to chase away the spirits," she ordered the bar man. She was sodden, so drunk that she almost fell off the high stool and caught wildly at the man's arm. "Where's Omar, the tent-maker?" she demanded. "Where's that Persian poet?"

"Behave yourself, Poppy!" Mother Gin Sling took a quick step toward her. "You're in China and you're white." Then she smiled and her mouth twisted ironically. "It's not good for us to see you like this. You bring discredit to your race."

"Don't preach to me!" Poppy faced her defiantly. "Let my race take care of themselves. What's upsetting you? Haven't I lost enough tonight? Don't touch me," she shouted as the other woman came closer. "Take away, your hands! Don't paw me!"

The older woman beckoned to a couple of Chinese boys. "Throw her out." The order came almost lightly, as if it were just any drunken derelict she was ridding herself of. And even through her stupor Poppy sensed it as she struggled defiantly between the two boys holding her.

"I've enough money to buy this outfit," she screamed. "To buy everything that's in it. All that counts in here is money. But this is the last time you'll see me, you Mongolian cat!"

The boys laughed as they forced her through the door and a gleam of triumph lighted Mother Gin Sling's eyes. The victory had been almost too easy. She would almost have enjoyed a more difficult one, the suspense of waiting to see if she would win. Ah, yes, she thought triumphantly, the Mongolian cat was almost finished with her mouse. All that was left now was the final pounce, she decided as she closed the door on Poppy's defiant face.

The shock almost sobered Poppy. Almost but not quite. From somewhere deep within her she felt a nagging sense of shame but it didn't last long. Nothing lasted long these days but that fever within her, that fever of Omar and the lesser one that seized her when she stood before the roulette wheel, feeling almost as if its whirling motion had hypnotized her.

Omar . . . the thought of him crucified her as she hurried to his hotel. When had he slipped away . . . where had he gone . . . was that little blonde tramp with him? There was more humiliation then, the clerk's lifted eyebrow as he looked at her, his superior smile as he told her the doctor was not in. But Poppy knew better as she ran up the stairs to his room, beseeching him through the closed door. Then the door opened and he stood there frowning at the scene she was making.

"What does the poet say now?" she demanded and her love and hatred became only that open wound as she looked at him and saw him smile in that old, tantalizing way.

"Man's love is of man's life a thing apart," Omar quoted. "Tis woman's whole existence."

"You're changing poets in midstream," Poppy said.

"Why not?" His smile held steadily to his contemptuous lips. "I'll change whatever I like and whenever it pleases me."

In that moment the love was gone and only the hate remained. For a moment she hesitated, feeling the bulk of the small revolver in her handbag as she held it tensely. Then she weakened. She wouldn't use it yet. There was still time.

She couldn't stay away, either from Mother Gin Sling's place or from Omar. And it was only the morning that her father sent word he wished to see her at

breakfast that she was drawn suddenly back to reality. How much would he see, how much would he notice, that father who had so little time for her lately? With trembling fingers she applied make-up, compelling herself to hold steady as she went down to him.

"Sit down, Victoria," Sir Guy Charteris said and only his eyes, suddenly anxious, showed he had seen the change in her. "Has there ever been any doubt in your mind that I love you better than anything in the world?" And then as she shook her head, not trusting herself to speak, he went on gravely. "We haven't been very close since you came to Shanghai and it's my fault. But you're all I have and I've spent a great deal of my life in trying to protect you from anything that could possibly hurt you. Now I'm sending you back to Singapore. I'll join you as soon as I've finished some work here, but I want you to leave this morning. I've chartered a plane for you."

The girl felt as if she were suffocating. Not to see Omar tonight, not to try her luck just this one time more and pay back those debts that had become an eternal nightmare.

"I won't go!" She faced him defiantly.

"Now look here, Victoria." His voice held its tenderness even in the new sharp note that had crept into it. "I don't like saying this but you've overdrawn your bank account, all your jewels are missing, and last night a man sold me this." He reached into his pocket and pulled out her necklace. "I paid his price without asking any questions. I don't know what you've been doing

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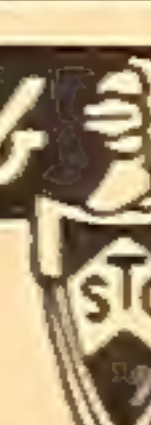


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with your money or your time but I always had an instinct against bringing you here and I don't want to ignore my feelings any further. In a little while we'll talk this over and probably laugh about it."

He clasped the necklace around her neck and kissed her, looking deep into her eyes as if he were trying to read her heart. But it was hidden from him and his growing anxiety deepened as he drove her to the air field. The first premature firecracker celebrating the coming New Year exploded as her plane soared away and again he frowned as he remembered the strange invitation he had received from the woman he was dispossessing the next day, the woman his associates had warned him against interfering with. Could there be any connection between them, the Chinese woman and the necklace and his daughter? Maybe, he decided, he'd better accept that invitation after all.

The other guests had already come to Mother Gin Sling's when he arrived the next evening, all of them uncomfortable and barely managing to conceal their surprise at finding the others there. Only Mother Gin Sling remained wholly composed as she led the way into the dining room, motioning them to sit at the places their caricatured images designated.

Sir Guy started when he saw the doll at the place still vacant, that doll so undoubtedly meant for Poppy, its broken head lolling grotesquely as it guarded the empty seat. Then he straightened as he saw the little chorus girl he had met in Singapore staring at him and his face whitened as he saw Omar take his place beside her and recognized in him the man who had come to him with Poppy's necklace. So there had been a connection, then. He felt almost sick in his relief that Poppy was safely in Singapore.

Then as the appetizers were brought in Mother Gin Sling looked up brightly. "I have also not ignored an appetizer for my male guests." She smiled as two servants drew aside the heavy curtains and flung open the window. Outside of it were hung a row of cages and in each of them sat huddled a pretty girl, almost naked. "We're going to auction off the girls to the junkmen," she laughed. "Once in a while they have to replenish their flower boats, you know." Then as the crowd shouted hilariously from below, she smiled. "You understand, of course, this is staged purely for tourists. Shanghai has to live up to its reputation." Lady Blessington laughed hysterically and Mother Gin Sling gave her an amused glance before she looked down the long table at Sir Guy. "I am particularly happy to see you here tonight. You have, of course, been in China before?"

"Yes, but mostly in the north." He studied her as if he were trying to find a clue to her personality, aware of the aristocratic accent which clung to her words. "You too come from the north, don't you?"

"My people were Manchus," Mother Gin Sling said and some of the old pride of race clung to her voice. "I left a long time ago. Then I was washed ashore here, picked up on the Shanghai water front. Mr. Howe took me in tow." She smiled at the comprador. "He saw me stealing some food and liked me. Later he gave me enough to establish this . . . gallery."

"It was a good investment." The comprador chuckled. "You paid it back a hundred fold."

"I always pay my debts . . . a hundred fold," Mother Gin Sling said softly.

Suddenly the Marchesa di Mondragone looked frightened. She rose uncertainly, apologizing for feeling ill, for having to leave, but Mother Gin Sling stopped her with a look. "Sit down," she ordered. "You might become more ill if I should recall to

your mind a little incident that took place in Rio five years ago!"

The Marchesa sank back into her chair and now it was Lady Blessington who looked frightened as she glanced at her hostess' set face. Then she laughed a little uncertainly as she turned to the comprador.

Sir Guy rose then. "I take it, Mother Gin Sling," he said casually, "there's a reason which compels each of your guests to stay here. But there's none which can make me stay."

"Isn't there, Mr. Dawson?" she laughed. And then her eyes blazed with hatred. "Look at me! Is my face so changed that you no longer know me, or do all Chinese girls look alike to you? Look at me closely. The only mask I wear is the mask of time. Surely you didn't expect shining faith and blind love to remain in it forever."

"It's impossible!" Sir Guy's heart turned slowly over, remembering. "That girl is dead."

"You're right." The woman had hold of herself again. "That girl is dead, that weak girl who trusted you. But in her place stands Mother Gin Sling who is strong and who now trades on the weaknesses of others. Now quickly tell them the little name of love you used to call the little Manchu girl. Perhaps you'll explain everything."

It was true, what she said. Sir Guy knew that now. But she had changed so evilly, so horribly, that young girl he had adored, in spite of his friends who had frowned on their love.

"Yes, it's true," he said then. "I came to China from Australia twenty years ago, against my family's wishes. That was why I assumed the name of Dawson. And I did marry her. I saw nothing dishonorable in that."

"And he saw nothing dishonorable in leaving her," Mother Gin Sling said quickly. "I gave him myself and I gave him a child, poor thing. It died. Then all at once he was gone and his friends came. I thought they were my friends too until one day I found myself like those caged animals up there, only there was no fake about that sale. The soles of my feet cut open, pebbles sewn inside to keep me from running away. I don't know what kept me alive, unless it was the hope of a nice social evening like this, the dream that an hour would come when I could pay him back in full!"

She looked up as the door of the room was flung open and Poppy stood there, sodden, swaying, even more a caricature of that young girl who had first come there than the broken doll at her place. She had had so much to drink that even her father couldn't shame her now.

"I guess you didn't expect to see me." She laughed harshly. "But planes fly off and planes turn back, or did I only imagine you put me on a plane? Give me a cigarette," she said, lurching toward Omar, her arms going around him as she pressed against him. "This is the poet laureate of Shanghai. Some day I am going to kill him. Go on, Doctor, recite something for Dad," she ordered as she took his cigarette case and opened it.

Omar accepted her challenge unabashed. "The moving finger writes and having writ, moves on." He smiled ironically. "Nor all your piety nor wit shall lure it back to cancel half a line, nor all your tears wash out a word of it."

Poppy took a cigarette, then snapped the case closed again. "How do you like it?" she asked, holding it out to her father. "Good taste, isn't it? Cost me a thousand. Cheap, like a lot of things around here."

"Victoria!" her father called despairingly, but she didn't even hear him as she suddenly opened her bag and took out the gun concealed there. But Omar tore it out

of her hand with a contemptuous laugh and tossed it over to Mother Gin Sling.

"Come, Victoria." Sir Guy ran over to her. "Let me take you away now, before it's too late, before something happens I can't repair."

"It's already too late." Mother Gin Sling looked at him triumphantly. "Your daughter is no good for anything or anybody. Wherever you take her she would be no good. I would have torn down the whole world to get at you," she went on evenly. "But it wasn't necessary. It was made easy for me. Because her soul was hollow, her emotions were cheap. She had no more control than her father had, no more honor. Her blood is bad."

Sir Guy looked at her heavily. It was true what she said. He had only to look at his daughter to see what she had become, to know what her future would be. Useless now to carry his secret any longer. Let it hurt that smiling woman then, as she had hurt him. Let the truth haunt her forever.

"Her blood isn't bad," he said then. "Unless yours is bad. Her emotions aren't cheap unless yours are cheap. She's not my daughter, she's *our* daughter. It's not my child you've destroyed, it's *our* child. After you vanished she was picked up for dead and brought to a hospital. We nursed her back to health and I took her far away."

"You're crazy!" Poppy tore herself out of her father's arms, looking defiantly at the woman who stood there searching her face for the evidence she was afraid to find. "I'll tell you one thing, if I had my choice you'd be the last mother I'd pick, Mother Gin Sling!"

Suddenly she knew, Mother Gin Sling, knew that he had told her the truth, knew that her triumph had turned to despair. Her daughter, the baby whose death she had mourned all these years, the baby she had wanted to give so much to, this was what she had given her, shame and degradation and dishonor. But there was one more thing she could give her too, she thought, her hands closing around the revolver Omar had thrown her. She could give her peace, peace and a dreamless sleep.

Quickly, while she still had the courage, she pulled the trigger, and the girl sank to her feet and with a sob her mother sank to her knees beside her and even Sir Guy recognized her right in that moment as slowly he followed the others running panic-stricken from the room.

"It's not you I destroyed," Mother Gin Sling whispered and her arms went around the girl and her cheek pressed against the one already beginning to turn cold. "It's myself. We might have been so happy."

She lifted her head as she heard the cries in the street below, the sharp command in a policeman's voice. They were coming now. *So soon*. Then it was strange how she remembered Dixie, a girl young as Poppy had been young, a girl who had travelled the same long road of disillusionment but who somehow had managed to hold something which could only be called integrity, blatant and cheap though it was. Maybe, she thought, as she got to her feet and went in search of her, the gods would know that in helping her she was somehow making the poor misadventure which had been Poppy's life worth-while too.

"Here!" She pushed her bag heavy with money in the girl's hand. "Get out of here on the first boat. There's enough to tip Omar too, so he won't miss you too much."

The girl's eyes filled with tears and Mother Gin Sling envied her that happy release. Her tears were still imprisoned somewhere deep inside her, as if her despair had frozen them into icicles which would hang from her heart forever.

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